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ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The proper end of human punishment is not the satisfaction of justice, but the prevention of crimes. By the satisfaction of justice I mean the retribution of so much pain, for so much guilt; which is the dispensation we expect at the hand of God, and which we are accustomed to consider as the order of things that perfect justice dictates and requires.

*Paley's Moral Philosophy.*

*Angelo.* We must not make a scare-crow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till nature make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escalus.* Ay, but yet  
Let us be keen and rather cut a little,  
Than fall and bruise to death.

*Measure for Measure.*

At the present day, to assert gravely that all penal laws, in order to preserve even a show of expediency, must be founded on a principle of prevention, rather than of retaliation, would be to utter a truism so palpable, that it could not fail to excite the ridicule of all who heard it. Self-evident however as this proposition may now appear, we shall do well to remember that, although the primary object of legislation must at all times, and in all places, have originally been the protection of defenceless innocence against the strong hand of lawless violence, there have been periods, neither of rare occurrence nor of very remote antiquity, wherein the wholesome severity of preventive justice has degenerated into the sanguinary gratification of revengeful passion; and wherein all consideration for the weal of the body politic, has been merged in the intensity of individual feeling.

In the most ancient records of authentic history we shall invariably find, that the measure of punishment was by no means proportionate to the magnitude of the offence, nor consistent with the rules, as they are now laid down, of political utility; nor will it be necessary, in order to prove this, to have recourse to the legendary code of the Athenian Draco, and his familiar maxim, "that the smallest offence merited no lighter—and that the deepest crime could incur no heavier punishment, than death!" For if we direct our attention to the earliest system of jurisprudence, that has come down to the knowledge of later ages—we allude to the laws

compiled by the wisdom of the Almighty for the government of his peculiar people, as contained in the inspired books of Moses,—we shall perceive them to be distinguished by a direct admission of the principle of retributory vengeance, “an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,” and by the infliction of penalties, summary and sanguinary to a degree, which—though undoubtedly necessary for the regulation of society in that stiff-necked and rebellious generation—would at this day be considered no less barbarous than impolitic.

Far be it from us to presume to arraign the wisdom or the justice of that divine lawgiver, who can do nothing wrong, and all whose judgments are those of righteousness and truth; far be it from us to imagine that the short sighted sagacity of earth’s noblest spirits can maintain one moment’s comparison with the providence of our Father and our King! Far be it from us even to hint that those very laws—which, to the best of our judgment, would have been overstrained and inexpedient in a state of society ameliorated by the milder dispensation of Christianity—were not the most righteous, the best adapted to the genius of the times, the most perfect which could have been devised by immortal knowledge. The argument which we would deduce from the stern and rigorous character of the Mosaic law is simply this; that a system which shall work admirably under some circumstances, may nevertheless be highly injurious under others; that—to borrow a trite, but not impertinent illustration—as the surgeon would use the knife and cautery with success in one case, while the same treatment would in another be productive of fatal consequences—in like manner the legislator must adopt his regulations, not only to the disposition of the people for whom he is enacting statutes, but to the constitutions of surrounding nations, and to the prevailing opinions of the age in which he lives.

It is not however to be supposed, that the evil effects of over-severity in penal jurisprudence have remained undiscovered by the discernment of remoter periods. Even beneath the blinding darkness of Paganism, the imperfect dawnings of moral and political philosophy had revealed, and in some measure counteracted the results of indiscriminating rigor in their primeval codes. Afterwards, the vast communities of Greece and Italy sank gradually into that state of national degradation, which had overshadowed the monuments of Chaldean lore, and changed the boasted immutability of the Median and Persian laws. The day-spring from on high poured its holy illumination upon the benighted world, and the pure morality of revealed religion took place of the wild speculations and erring tenets of heathen sophistry. The singular train of events which succeeded the fall of the Roman empire—when

—o’er the trembling nations from afar  
Dark Scythia breathed the living cloud of war,  
And where the deluge burst with sweeping sway  
Their arms, their kings, their gods were rolled away,—

The ignorance, the ferocity, the barbarism,—which throughout the fairest portions of the globe usurped the seats of letters, of humanity, of civilization,—checked in no small degree the science of government in its first development. The opinions of men were paralyzed, their morals were deteriorated, their advancement utterly cut short. In arts, in sciences, in religion, and in the regulation of society, the world had not remained sta-

tionary,—it had retrograded. The barbarous and artificial decrees of the rude northmen, with their trial by combat,—their trial by the judgment of God,—their trial by question or torture,—their laws of *vert* and *venison*, demanding human blood for the daughter of a brute, while they exacted but a trivial fine for the murder of a fellow creature,—and their hundred other self-constituted and unnatural distinctions, obscured even the glimmerings of truth and reason, which had shed a partial ray upon the statutes of the Roman empire. But from these dark times and savage institutions has the progress of human intellect, as it gained prudence from experience, and elicited light from darkness itself, deduced some of the most important points of sound and solid justice. Trial by jury, the admission of circumstantial, and the prohibition of hearsay evidence, the independence of judges, the abolition of arbitrary imprisonment, and other improvements no less important, crept in step by step, breaking the ice at every stroke, and clearing the way for more complete reformation. During the middle ages, while these essential measures were yet in embryo, while the slightest and most venial errors were visited with death, and when legislators had begun to perceive that the result of such merciless enactments were visible in the increase of higher crimes, they vainly sought to render the aspect of death more hideous to the guilty, by the infliction of tortures, from the bare recital of which the spirit shrinks in horror and disgust. In process of years the iniquity of such miscalled justice was demonstrated by its utter inefficiency to repress the growth of evil; the rather as it soon became notorious, that such spectacles as were exhibited to the populace in the deaths of a Ravailiac, or—in still more recent days—of a Calas, and of a thousand other wretches, tended not to deter the understandings of mankind from the commission of sins which would incur a similar penalty, but to accustom their feelings to the sufferings of their fellows,—to harden their hearts, and to brutalize their souls.

The barbarities of torture were discontinued, and the simple gibbet or guillotine took place of the molten lead, and the red hot pincers, of the faggot and the stake! Yet still the horrible anomaly prevailed, of an equality in punishment for offences in which no other equality was perceptible. England, our mother England, infinitely superior as she is to all other European nations, both in the legislative and executive departments of judicature, is even now groaning beneath the accumulated ills which arise from centuries of bloodshed, sanctioned indeed by the law of men, but criminal, we fear, in the eyes of Him, who has declared that “he that taketh the sword shall perish with the sword.” According to her unmerciful and sanguinary statutes, the starving wretch, who steals a sheep from the rich man’s fold, or pilfers forty miserable shillings in a dwelling house, is set upon the same footing with the prowling incendiary, the cowardly assassin, the brutal violator of female honor! If convicted, he must share the same ignominious, and, in his case, unmerited doom! If innocent, he must lie for weeks or months awaiting his trial, with the most desperate and notorious offenders; and, when acquitted, he is cast forth upon the wide world, with his character destroyed forever by the accusation under which he has labored, his morals contaminated by the intercourse with the vilest of mankind, and the spirit of rectitude extinguished in his breast, by the undeserved obloquy to which he

has fallen an unwilling victim. And what are the fruits of this tremendous system? Are the lesser crimes diminished, in proportion as the larger must be of course increased? We say, *must be!* For what robber, when detected in the commission of a crime, which will consign him to the gallows, will forbear to *kill*—knowing that the death of his discoverer, while it diminishes his chance of conviction, if proved against him, can add no iota to his forfeiture? Are men deterred from paltry offences by the awful penalties which are denounced against them? Are her streets more free from the lurking plunderer, her dwellings more secure against the daring burglar, her commercial transactions more exempt from the insidious forger? Alas! her dungeons swarming with annual thousands,—her assizes rich in the varied circumstances of sin,—her crowds of barristers,—her twenty thousand pickpockets and swindlers, exercising their gainful trade in the streets of her metropolis alone,—give out the answer in accents, which should long ago have forced perception upon every mind.

In truth, the very severity of her penal jurisprudence, prevents its enforcement.—It has become a matter of calculation for the lawbreaker, to determine how many *convicted* offenders undergo the unremitted sentence; and the proportion has been discovered to be infinitely small.—Another problem to be solved, is the number of *detected* offenders who are prosecuted to conviction;—and here again the result will be still more favorable to the impunity of the transgressor. He well knows that men of conscientious minds, and merciful feelings, will hesitate to prosecute a culprit *to the death*, when they would eagerly pursue him to the extent of the statute, were the operation of justice less *unjust!*—He well knows that juries will not bring in a verdict;—that judges will not utter a powerful charge—founded upon enactments which their understanding cannot but condemn!—Moreover, the truth of his reasoning is daily proved by the only sure test, experience!—Not a session passes in the British metropolis, but jury after jury unblushingly returns its verdict—"Guilty of theft to the amount of nine and thirty shillings,"—when it has been proved by the clearest evidence, that the sum abstracted has quadrupled the value named,—inasmuch as the culprit, if convicted to the full extent of his delinquency, must have perished; and thus do twelve honest men prefer the sin of perjury, to the taint of blood,—and thus does the law of the land, become a thing

"More honored in the breach than the observance."

On these two facts then do culprits deliberately build,—the unwillingness of injured parties to prosecute, and of courts to condemn!—They know that, by the injudicious system by which they are tried, they will become objects of commiseration, rather than of enmity,—and that consequently, scarcely one in an hundred of those who *incur*, is called upon to *pay* the forfeiture; and knowing this, they fearlessly commit the trespass, and calmly, or scornfully, await the acquittal or mitigated punishment, which, at the worst, must be their lot.—Thus it is that Englishmen have made

"——— a scarecrow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till nature make it  
Their perch, and not their terror."—

It is thus that the statutes, which were passed to protect the innocent, have become a safeguard to the guilty; and that a loop-hole for escape has been



made in the edifice, which was reared for the detention of felonious offenders.

To the nineteenth century, and to our own America, has it been reserved to erase from her tablets the loathsome stain of blood,—to abolish, with but few exceptions, the infliction of capital punishments,—to realize the benevolent theories of philosophers,—and to exhibit to the world a state of society, not inferior at least to any, regulated by other means than the constant apprehension of death.—Would that we could here conclude our observations! That we could bestow unqualified applause upon the criminal laws of our country, and hold them up to the admiration of the universe, as realizing in practice the most perfect speculations of theoretical justice!—But here, as in all other human institutions, the imperfection of mere human wisdom is glaringly perceptible. In avoiding one evil, we have rushed headlong into the opposite extreme!—In our horror at the indiscriminating carnage carried on in foreign lands, beneath the pretext of expediency, we have perhaps given encouragement to guilt by our equally indiscriminating lenity—mercy we will not call it!—Mercy! the most divine of earthly sentiments,—Mercy! whose province it is to consider the sorrows of the poor, to heal the wounds of the wretched, to protect the orphan and the widow, and those who have none to help them!—It is no Mercy, in false and preposterous delicacy to spare the most atrocious invaders of human peace and happiness.

A spirit has gone forth! A clamor has been proclaimed aloud! A banner has been elevated throughout the land!—And the sentiment of that spirit,—the burthen of that clamor,—the device of that banner, is the illegality of taking life!—The illegality of protecting innocent feebleness from guilty violence,—the illegality of rendering this world, as far as mortal frailty will permit, an abode of comparative felicity, rather than a vale of tears.

By the laws of the United States, murder is indeed a capital felony,—but sorrowfully do we confess, that there is a feeling abroad, which too often induces our juries to favor the arraigned offender, our judges to recommend the convicted sinner to mercy, and the higher officers of our community to extend their best prerogative beyond the limits of true clemency, or of political utility. We see, in the jurisprudence of Great Britain, the fatal effects of the equalization of punishments pronounced against unequal offences,—yet our eyes are blinded to the fact, that we are subjecting ourselves to the self same accusation. Theirs, we grant it, is an equality leaning to the side of Vengeance!—Ours to the side of Pity! Theirs the most frightful,—but ours not the least injudicious! For surely if, by raising the penalty of error to the standard of crime, they increase the one without diminishing the other,—it follows that, by lowering the punishment of crime to that of error, we shall produce the very same result to ourselves, which we condemn in others. And is not this too evidently the case?—Is it not notorious that, throughout the United States, the slightest indications of an aberration of mind are easily admitted as proofs of actual insanity, baffling the ends of justice, and snatching some miscreant, branded with the guilt of Cain, from the reckoning of his villainy? Is it not notorious that, even if the wretch be found guilty by a jury of his impartial countrymen, his petition for life is too frequently received with

favor by those, whose duty it should be to stop their ears against the voice of the charmer ; although that charmer come to them under the guise of benevolence, and veil a fictitious and unjust squeamishness beneath the mask of mercy ?

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," this should be the maxim graven over every tribunal, from Maine to the Mississippi.—**MERCY TO THE MURDERER, IS MURDER TO THE INNOCENT !**—This is the doctrine by which our executive should harden their hearts against the cry for pity, when it comes from him who showed none to his brother !—Far be it from us to allude directly or indirectly to any person, recently arraigned on an accusation of so awful a nature, or to affix a moral stigma on any human being who has passed the ordeal of a court, and been acquitted of his alleged iniquity !—There is no more righteous precept in the Anglo-American code than that, which pronounces all men innocent, till they are proved guilty ; nor is there, in our opinion, a more unjust and cruel system than that of the Scottish law, which permits an intermediate verdict of "not proven,"—stamping an indelible brand upon the character, and wreaking the most acute mental anguish upon the feelings of one, whom no existing evidence can consign to corporeal punishment.

A few observations we do however feel ourselves bound to make, as public as our means will permit ;—and first we would distinctly state that, wherever, in our reflections on late occurrences, we may use the word murderer, or its equivalent, we entirely disclaim all allusion to any individual whomsoever.—We would be understood to speak in the abstract, taking it for granted that, when a violent death has been inflicted by no ostensible agency, there must be a murderer,—unknown perhaps save to his accursed self,—but still a murderer !—To him it is that we point the finger of reprobation,—and if he be at large, and as yet unblasted by the abhorrence of mankind, and untouched by the carnal weapon ; we pray that our words—if they should chance to meet his eye, may sink like fire into his inmost soul, and whisper to him by day, and by night, in the concourse of men, and in the solitude of his chamber, "that there is a God, who moveth about his path, and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways."—That, although he may exult in his present impunity, he must still remember that prophetic assertion of the Ethnic poet,

*Rarò antecedentem scelestum  
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.—*

And, even if he escape unharmed through time—that after time cometh Eternity !—and after death, Judgment !

It is time that our legislators should bestir themselves ; it is time that the minds of all our citizens should be roused, and their eyes opened to the appalling fact, that murder is increasing !—Manifestly, fearfully increasing !—Within a very few weeks, we have shuddered at the horrible details of two atrocious butcheries, perpetrated in a neighboring state, within a few short miles of our own city !—By the awful incidents of a similar barbarity, committed a little way to the eastward, every heart has been fixed in terrible excitement !—Even within the liberties of our own metropolis a large reward is at this very moment proclaimed, for the apprehension of persons concerned in a case of manslaughter of the worst description !—

Nor is this all!—scarcely a month elapses, but we read of some fierce assault committed with deadly weapons, or of the disappearance of some individual from the circle of his family; giving rise to surmises, that the same dark machinations may be at work in our immediate vicinity, for the supply of the dissecting room, which have been so recently discovered in Edinburgh and London.—Is it not possible, we would ask, that these miserable slayers of their fellow creatures might have been, at this hour, pure and spotless from the damning sin of blood, if the sword of justice had been wielded heretofore with a firmer hand?—Is it not possible, that the still more miserable victims, whose bodies are now festering in an untimely grave, might have been enjoying the blessings of life, gladdening the hearts of their friends, and raising hymns of gratitude to that Omnipotent Father and Judge, into whose presence they have been hurried,—

Cut off even in the blossoms of their sin,  
Unhouse'd, disappointed, unaneled,  
No reckoning made, but sent to *their* account  
With all *their* imperfections on *their* heads.  
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!—

And if this should have been the case;—if it could be proved that the *now* guilty murderer, once paused, and hesitated, and communed with his own soul, and was finally persuaded to the deed by the fatal facility of the law; will it not then follow that the administrator, rather than the transgressor of the law is guilty—most miserably guilty of mortal lives, and—oh most awful consideration—too probably of immortal souls?

Fearful indeed is the responsibility, which attaches to a legislator, both as regards the temporal, and the eternal welfare, of those who are affected by his laws.—This is the truth which we would impress on all—that, if by injudicious enactments, or by the slovenly enforcement of statutes in themselves judicious, temptations are held out to offenders, or facilities offered for their rescue from the consequences of sin,—those who by their inability, or their iniquity, have given stimulus to the crime, are no less guilty than the actual shedders of innocent blood.—It will perhaps be asked what means we would apply to check the false feeling in which this evil originates?—The means are obvious.—Let the American bar speak boldly through the medium of the public press, ever ready to lend its aid to the advancement of virtue and the suppression of vice!—Let them declare aloud, that murder never has been, and never can be checked, by a slighter penalty than death!—Let our eloquent and indefatigable ministers of the gospel proclaim from their pulpits, the absurdity of imagining that it is forbidden to take blood for blood;—or that HE, who declared—“If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered unto the Jews,”—has in any scripture condemned the infliction of capital punishment, or any judicial forfeiture whatever, having for its object the welfare of society, and striving to the attainment of that object by means consistent with sound justice!—Let them for awhile lay aside the discussion of less glaring transgressions, and take up their testimony against this scarlet pollution, which is spreading itself like a leprosy over the soil of America!

Let our juries cast from them all considerations, save those of the facts, and of the *malice prepense* which is necessary to constitute murder!—Let our judges manfully and unshrinkingly perform their painful but neces-

*Sonnet to a Butterfly.*

sary duty!—Let our highest officers turn a deaf ear to all petitions, and answer with Angelo, when entreated to show pity,—

I show it most to all, when I show justice;  
For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismissed offence might after gall;  
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another!—

Let these means be used!—and our lives upon it, this unnatural clemency will pass away;—the public mind will recover its just tone;—a few examples upon the guilty will reinstate the tottering reputation of our jurisprudence;—and the foul blot which now threatens to stain our national character will be effaced, never, we trust, again to be discovered!—Or if all this should prove ineffectual,—as we firmly believe it would not,—we indeed should by no means regret to see Lord Ellenborough's act, with Mr. Peel's amendment, become a part of our statute law! The object of the amended act is, to render an assault, with intent to kill, and malice aforethought, a crime of the highest magnitude, and punishable with death, no less than if the deed had been actually performed; the deadly intention being estimated according to the nature of the weapon, wherewith the assault be committed. The distinction appears to us reasonable; nor can any person of a sound understanding for an instant doubt, that the *moral* guilt of him, who is prevented from his deadly aim by some fortuitous event, is fully equal to his, who meeting with no obstacle, accomplishes his nefarious purpose!—If the object of justice were retribution, then would it be contrary to justice to punish the intent as the deed!—If it be, as we apprehend, prevention, then is the intent as obnoxious to the law as the actual crime!—and for the common weal, the safer, as well as the juster course will be—

—————rather to cut a little,  
Than fall and bruise to death.

## SONNET TO A BUTTERFLY.

FORTH to thy bright existence of an hour!  
Thou painted meteor,—floating on the stream  
Of summer sunshine,—drinking from the beam  
New youth,—new beauty from the perfumed flower!  
Thou type of endless life,—thou sign of power!—  
But now a reptile writhing in the gloom,—  
The dust—of earth! At eve a living tomb,—  
At morn a spirit blest in Eden's bower!  
What are the sons of Adam? Do they soar  
In virtue's clear security, or creep—  
Through tears and labor—to the dusky shore  
Of cold obstruction, and mysterious sleep.  
Thence, at the trumpet's peal, to burst on high  
Never to sorrow more—nor doubt—nor die?

H. W. H.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

## No. IV.

—Take hence this *Jack* and whip him.

Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy;—take him hence.

SHAKESPEARE.

There is upon the earth gone forth, to set the nations free  
A giant spirit, whom even *Time* seems half amazed to see;  
His look hath power to scatter light, his touch to sever chains,  
And tyrants tremble on their thrones, and bigotry complains.

The SPIRIT OF THE TIMES went forth, amidst the sons of men.

J. HOLLAND.

I ALMOST regret my dear R. that I condemned myself to the recital of the revolting scenes which erewhile have disgraced the noble service in which I have so long been engaged, partly because those scenes are now discouraged, and partly because I gave vent to the threat in a moment of excitement. They are however not yet legally done away, though the instances are very rare, and I would gladly contribute my mite of assistance, to hold them up to the reprobation they deserve. I shall therefore, as briefly as I can, give you a description of this barbarous punishment, and then endeavor to find more cheerful "recollections" for your amusement and reflection.

The punishment of flogging round the fleet is intended as a *merciful* commutation, of the *mortal punishment*, with which the articles of war are so plentifully strewed. Capital offences make up about two thirds of the number recapitulated in that truly sanguinary code; the greater number it must be confessed are much winked at, and the *minor punishment* which I described in my last is resorted to, instead of the *inconvenient* practice of resorting to courts-martial, and stringing or flaying by wholesale. Such offences however as are of a graver nature, and that really do militate against the discipline and subordination which are so essential to the well-being of the service itself, and of all that are connected with it, are brought, together with the offender, under the cognizance of that dignified and powerful court. I need not describe to you how such a court is conducted as to its forms; it may be sufficient to assure you that, although it is an arbitrary one, its decisions are dictated by principles of the nicest honor and integrity. It is very rare that the prejudices or the passions of an individual overcome his sense of justice; the commander of a man-of-war considers himself so far removed from the unhappy man who is the subject of inquiry, that he would think himself disgraced by implicating his private feelings in the discussion, and his sense of honor is as keenly alive at such a moment, as it would be amidst the combined smoke of his own cannon and that of an enemy. I may truly say, for I have sat on many, and seen more, of naval courts-martial, that the officer whose misfortune it is to judge an offending seaman, throws his individual bias or prejudices to an infinite distance,—or if *one* should betray any particular leaning, it is vigilantly watched and jealously corrected by the great majority of the court. It is not the conduct of the judges, but the sanguinary nature of the punishments, and the slavish adherence to antiquated and barbarous customs, of which I complain. In the courts-martial in

which a certain noble and gallant admiral\* either presided, formed one of the court, or influenced the principles, the extreme *letter* of the law was enforced; and the capital punishment was inflicted with such rigor and in such frequency, that it became the universal theme, and even robbed punishment itself of the beneficial effects which ought to be derived from it, on account of its familiarity to the eyes and minds of men. Yet it is fair to the reputation of that gallant officer to say, that his severity was not the result of a vindictive, cruel, or sanguinary spirit; his whole public life has been devoted to the reformation of the service in which he has been employed,—as well in the dockyards, as in the fleet. In the latter he found abuses of a grievous nature, which he attempted to put down with a strong hand, and at once. In this he was wrong. Abuses of a long standing, and which have been sanctified—if such expression may be used—by time, must be eradicated almost as gradually as they were congregated; and, by not keeping this in view he rendered himself unpopular, though he assuredly awakened the public attention to the state of naval discipline and comforts. But I am wandering from my point.

In the service generally, it had been received as a maxim, that the punishment I am about to describe is a relaxation from the rigor of the penalty, in cases where the article states that the offender “shall suffer death, or *such other punishment as a general court martial shall award.*” and according to the enormity of the offence, in the eyes of the court, such award varies from one hundred and fifty to four hundred lashes; to be received by the culprit, in equal portions alongside of each ship or vessel of war in the roadstead. Bear with me I beseech you, whilst I describe this revolting scene. I promise you shall have no more such,—but I would fain hope that my words will not fall like drops of rain in the desert, but on the contrary become a theme upon which *your* able philosophy may dilate, and the public may derive some advantage from reflecting on such a state of things.

On the appointed morning, a launch—a boat of burthen belonging to every man-of-war—is rigged for the scene of punishment, by handspikes disposed in the form of a trestle, to the top or cross one of which the culprit is made fast. In the bottom of the launch there is fixed a platform, for the convenience of the operator of this cruel sentence. In the bow of the boat is a drummer, beating a point of service commonly called “the rogue’s march;” in the stern sits a lieutenant, the provost martial,—being the master-at-arms of the offender’s ship,—and a surgeon. There are also two files of marines under arms, besides two other boats containing marines, also under arms. The punishment is begun by inflicting the given quota alongside his own ship, every officer and man of which is present upon the deck to witness it, and the boatswain and one of his mates descending into the launch, to perform the horrid task. When he has undergone the proportion alongside the first vessel, a boat from that vessel takes the launch in tow and rows to the next in turn,—a cloth meanwhile being thrown over the shrinking wretch, whose disgraces throughout this dreadful barbarity are forced upon him not only by the sense of feeling, but also by that of hearing, through the medium of the hateful drum which is beaten almost close to his ear. Again and again he has to suffer this;—at length

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\* Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl of St. Vincent.

—he faints. Nature can no more! The surgeon steps up to him,—administers cold water—feels his pulse—orders him to be untied—tries to revive him. Why? In mercy? Alas, no! It is to bring him about sufficiently to continue the punishment! Again perhaps and again he is recovered. If he be a robust man, the strokes of the worse than murderous instrument at last fall harmless;—extremity of torture has rendered him insensible of pain, though the laceration of his wretched person is still going on; and he gets through the whole of the detestable sentence. He is brought on board of his own ship again, and put into the surgeon's hands. He gradually recovers in bodily health, so far at least as to return to his duty, but he is for the remainder of his days broken in constitution, broken in spirits, degraded, lost, and soon sinks into the state where "the weary are at rest." If he be *not* a robust man, he in all probability falls into a state of insensibility, a complete collapsation of all vigor, from which he cannot be recovered, and, by the surgeon's report, the completion of the sentence is *suspended*. It is never remitted, though perhaps it may never be completed, but hangs "in terrorem" over the head of the unhappy man, who thus has the contemplation of possibly a half or two thirds of this appalling infliction ever in remembrance,—to be showered on him at any time that he may offend. But there is nothing salutary to his conduct in this. The blow is struck,—he, like the other, sinks from the combined influence of bodily and mental disgrace,—he dies, or he deserts. Almost always, life is a burthen to the man who has *gone through the fleet*.

It is long now, since I witnessed this vile punishment. I thank heaven that I rarely hear of it. It is a proof to me, that we are beginning to emerge from the barbarous and unthinking condition in which we have so long been plunged. I say *unthinking*,—for who with ordinary reflection, and any knowledge of human nature, but must be aware of the inadequacy of such treatment to produce beneficial results? It must rankle in the minds of men. The culprit has their warmest commiseration, and the judges have their silent but deep curses and imprecations. I have had occasion to know, from my earliest association with the navy, that the sufferer meets with the tenderest attentions in the power of rough seamen to bestow, accompanied with the consolations that "if ever they meet *such-a-one* ashore, they will have bloody satisfaction;"—and this has been sometimes more than empty threat. I know it is the opinion of the "*flagellators*" that seamen are mere unreflecting animals, machines in short, who are to be urged by the spur, and restrained by the curb, in both cases externally applied. Such men, I hesitate not to say, either never saw the man-of-war seaman, or never knew how to study him. He is uncouth, and rough,—he disdains to be caught in "the melting mood" and as for *sentiment*, he knows not any "*such a rope in the ship*;" but under a very coarse husk, there is a valuable—I could almost say an invaluable—core. He is highly susceptible of gratitude, however strangely he may sometimes show it. The honor of his country, of his commander, of his top-mates, of himself, are all very precious in his eyes, and for any officer to whom he has formed an attachment, he will fight through fire and water, and will strive in every way to evince his respect and esteem for him. Now this I affirm to be the general character of the seaman,—and if it be so, can any be so bold as to persist in the opinion that *such* spirits are only to be ruled by coercion? But let us return to more cheerful prospects.



With all this, *Jack* is the most placable of human kind, and the readiest to forget every evil when it is out of sight;—he is a mere kitten for playfulness, and gives and takes jokes—all of which are practical—with the greatest good humor. You may, with difficulty perhaps, understand that paradox, of men becoming merry upon compulsion, yet the problem is daily solved in the fleet. On the very evening of the punishment which I described in my former paper, the boatswain piped “all hands to mischief, ahoy.”—You will scarcely be able to imagine the celerity with which the call was obeyed, nor the variety of monkeys’ tricks which were performed by these sons of the ocean. The boys were up and down the rigging in every direction, each endeavoring to perform feats of greater dexterity or hardihood than his fellows; and if a *greenhorn* chanced to be among them, he was sure, before the close, to be placed in some ridiculous predicament, from which he was not relieved, except upon the penalty of his *grog*;—perhaps for two days, perhaps for a week.—Meanwhile, *Jack* and his mates are enacting the parts of *tailors*, being all seated cross-legged round a tarpaulin, which they affect to be stitching, with great gravity, whilst one, the master for the nonce, is dealing forth directions to his people, and telling lying adventures, to which *Munchausen* is an infant’s prattle, when on a sudden there is heard the cry of “a goose! a goose!”—It is an unfortunate marine, between which corps and the *blue jackets*, a petty but goodnatured warfare is continually carried on.—All spring up at the cry—they seize him—drag him to the altar of their sacrifices—and maugre all his entreaties, his oaths, his threats,—they immolate him at the shrine of the deity of naval tailors. In other words, they toss him up in the tarpaulin, even as *Sancho* of yore was tossed in the blanket. If he bear it well, and be forgiving, they swear he is a good fellow, “for a lobster,”—offer him the right hand of fellowship, and even allow him the honor to join the community of tailors.—If, on the contrary, he sulk, or threat, he is a lost man; never will the tailors sit in solemn assembly without an exhibition of his caprioles, when, the higher he vaults, and the louder he roars, the greater is the mirth of the relentless operators, and the longer will he sprawl his limbs and contort his visage.

At times the vagary takes another turn, particularly when there are new and green hands on board.—Instead of tailors, they are now ship-builders, and a vessel is to be launched *this very tide*. The old and experienced in the trade immediately become the masters and foremen in the business; and with great formality they begin to lay the ship’s *ways* upon the booms, with handspikes,—they get the largest wash-deck tubs in the ship, and place them on the edge of the launch,—they pretend to build with great expedition,—the inexperienced people draw water in abundance, all of which is handed up to the shipwrights, and is disposed of by them in the prosecution of their task; the strangers meanwhile have an itching curiosity to see the process, but cannot be allowed the *privilege*; they are consoled however with the promise that they will be greatly surprised when she floats. At length the vessel is ready for launching, ropes are passed down to the main deck, for the purpose of giving her *way*; these are eagerly seized by the strangers, who are all anxious to understand the nature of the launch; the pipe is heard to “haul away,” and down comes an absolute ocean on the heads of the luckless launchers. To escape is out of their power,—the hatches are battened down, the passage aft towards the half-deck, is stopped up, the tide over-



whelms them, for when the tubs are emptied, they are followed by successive bucketsful, until the whole stock of water is exhausted, which the unfortunate wights had with such industry accumulated. The old simile of a "drowned rat" is hardly a type of their condition; and the remorseless peals of laughter which are set up on all sides, whilst it assures them that commiseration is out of the question, is at last their adviser, that to laugh also, as soon as they can recover breath for the purpose, is the best thing they can do.

*Jack* has now had his joke,—he labored hard to perfect it,—it was the enjoyment of little more than a single instant,—and he cheerfully sets to work to repair the mischief he has done, by washing and swabbing up the decks, an operation which takes him seven times as long as the building and launching his ship; he performs an important office of cleanliness without being aware of it, for the *duty* of washing decks is one which above all others he dislikes. Thus do the animal spirits of these men, at all times increasing towards an overflow, find an occasional vent which they never neglect to use, and the remembrance of each set of exploits serves them to talk about, and to laugh at, till the turn come round again.

But of all his recreations, his greatest delight is that of dancing. Is there a fiddler on board?—He is the darling of every mess, the honored of every soul. The ruin of such a fellow is inevitable, for play he must, and if he will not go to the different messes, why—they will come to him. Any one will part with his grog to the fiddler; the consequence is, that he is half drunk every morning, and quite so every night; yet some of those vagabonds are such creatures of habit, that I have even seen one propped up between two men to keep him from falling, whilst they were laughing at the utmost stretch of their lungs; his eyes shut, and his mouth open, but playing away to the entire satisfaction and admiration of the surrounding multitude;—nay, it was even the theme of laudatory surprise, a matter of wonderment, and fully demonstrative of his extraordinary skill, that he could play so beautifully even when he was—dead drunk. The philosophy of it is, my dear R., that the fiddler in a man of war is another outlet to the exuberance of the animal spirits, and the irregularities of the fiddler are winked at, *very hard*, and the fellow himself is sacrificed, or rather made a scapegoat, on account of the service he unconsciously renders, in keeping the minds of so many men from cankering reflection, and considerations of the discipline to which they are necessarily subjected.

But it would be doing honest *Jack* less than justice, to describe his fiddler and omit his own dancing.—The different classes of animals are often distinguished by their peculiarities of habit;—thus the ox is called a ruminating animal, man in general is humorously but truly called a laughing animal, and the sailor in particular is assuredly a *saltatory* animal. Never creature on this sublunary sphere more nearly arrived at the height of enjoyment, than does the tar when dancing. He feels the sting of pleasure not only in his feet, but in his head, his heart, and at his very fingers' ends. The hands are frequently "turned up, to dance," on a fine evening when the ship is at anchor; then every fiddle and fife in the ship is in requisition. The dance is commonly either a "Pas de Deux,"—in *his* language a jig,—or a reel of three persons. Then comes the double shuffle, the heel and toe, the snap of the fingers, the bobbing of the head, the delighted "whoop," with all the contortions, distortions, and comic gestures, which the absolute ebullition of

delight casts up. It is a perfect intoxication of the senses, leading to a contest of who shall move his limbs with the greatest agility, and stand it out the longest; and this contest is not only against each other, but against the nautical Orpheus himself, who has been actually known to be "out at elbows" before the saltator would yield a *shuffle*.

As a contrast to this scene of happiness, there is a duty of daily recurrence, of acknowledged utility and comfort, but which neither reflection nor habit can reconcile to the notions of the seaman;—it is the cleaning, or rather the *mode* of cleaning, the decks every morning, and which is commonly called dragging the "*holy stone*." Every morning watch, at *two bells*, which means five o'clock, A. M., the officers in some ships, and the men in all, take off their shoes and stockings, preparatory to the lustration and ablution. The decks are wetted by throwing buckets of water all over them; they are then sprinkled with sand, and scrubbed by means of large flat stones, of about 150lbs. weight each; to each stone is fixed two ropes or lanyards, long enough for four or six men to drag, on each side, and the stone is pulled backwards and forwards over the sanded decks with great velocity, also into every corner,—until they are scoured perfectly clean; the sand is then carefully washed and swept off, the decks swabbed up, and in an hour or two after, they are perfectly white, and neat almost beyond imagination. But this takes up nearly three hours of every morning, the ship's company performing it in alternate watches, and as they do not reason very deeply, concerning the prevention of disease and the advantage of cool decks and clean feet, they are apt to consider this duty a hardship, and they curse the "*holy stone*" most sincerely.

All these things, however, whether of a painful or a pleasurable nature, were of minor consideration, compared with grievances and vexations occasioned by the generally improper discipline and management of the fleet; a series of evils existed at the time it was my hap to enter the navy, which had already begun to rankle in men's minds, and which it was afterwards my lot to see rise and increase, till they produced a terrible explosion. The arbitrary and despotic authority of every class of officer, from the boat-swain's mate to the commander of the vessel, the airs and insolence of a parcel of unwhipt boy-midshipmen, the badness of provisions, the rapacity of pursers, the prolonged delay of payments, the want of surgeons, and

"All the thousand various ills  
Which one incessant struggle render life;  
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,

were gradually effervescing, and it required no very great degree of foresight to perceive that the state of affairs would gradually boil up till it cast its scum and purified itself. This it did grandly and effectually, and at the proper time I will give you the account of it;—at present, with your leave, I will return to the most important personage on record, at least in the opinion of ninety-nine in every hundred, videlicet, I, by itself, I.

We continued to cruise in the north seas until the middle of August, always picking up some addition to the crew, until at length the ship was most unwholesomely full, and it was evident that she must either return to port and disgorge a part of her prey, or disease would take the matter into his own fell hands, and releave us after a more serious fashion. The probabilities being at length considered at an end, we shaped our course for the Nore, where we arrived towards the end of August.

Hardly had we got the ship moored before a boat came alongside, on board of which was—my uncle! I happened to be peering over the gangway nettings, and perceived him as he neared the ship;—with what sensations you may guess. He was of course admitted on board, but when I appeared before him, his emotions were too big for utterance. He grasped my hand, and made two or three ineffectual attempts to speak;—the tears started to his eyes, and his lips quivered convulsively. All the enormity of my offence against this excellent and affectionate relative appeared at that instant to rise up in me. I was covered with confusion, my hand remained passively in his, and with averted and pale face I waited the sound of his voice. At length he found words. “Nephew,”—after a pause, “my dear nephew,—is it thus that I am doomed to behold you? Thin, pale, ragged, forlorn, and—oh! my poor brother, could he have foreseen this,” he exclaimed in tones of deep distress! I could have sunk through the deck. Overpowering sensations exhibited by *man*, and man in advanced life, are always painful to the beholder, more especially if the beholder be the cause. I could not reply to him. I could not look up to him. My fancied courage and audacity had forsaken me,—my cause at the moment was “naught,”—and it was to himself at length that I was indebted for relief. When he had overcome his first paroxysm he again addressed me. “But come, my unfortunate boy, let me not damp this meeting,—which I once hardly hoped to take place in this world,—by retrospections and reproaches. You have paid dearly for your frolic, and would no doubt be glad to return to your quiet home. I fear *that* is at present not so easy as one could wish, but I will try what can be done. Come, keep up your heart.” Alas, he knew not what it was that caused the sigh which caught his ear. My heart again smote me, for I still felt that undefined but ardent wish, to pursue my adventures by sea, which neither the grief of my kind relative, nor the experience of a series of misfortunes, could diminish, and which even now burnt within me, as vehemently as before I had tempted fortune.

My uncle continued. “Your cousins, my dear boy, will rejoice to see you;—how often have you been the theme of our conversation, and how constantly the object of our wishes! I think I can procure some influence in the admiralty. We must have you back with us, and feed you into flesh again. You must—but what is this? Why do you sigh? Why do you look at me so piteously? I am not angry, my dear nephew! No,—no—I thank God I see you again.” I could restrain myself no longer. “Oh sir,—dear uncle,” I exclaimed, “cast me from you I beg of you—I do not deserve this anxiety,—this load of trouble which you have incurred on my account. I am—” “What? You are what? What new misfortune is to befall us. Speak, at once.” “I am—I feel—I—oh sir, I cannot leave the sea.” “Headstrong, infatuated boy, what is all this? Will you still continue to brave that Providence which has hitherto sustained you in your perils?” “I cannot help it, sir,—cast me off, if it shall be your pleasure—you cannot make me cast off the love and gratitude I owe you,—but *indeed*, indeed uncle, I can and will only follow the sea. Its very uncertainties have delights for me, that peaceful security could never give me;—and the greatest, the most inestimable service you could render me, would be to place me in a situation in the naval service, which would be more congenial to the education and habits in which, thanks to



you dear uncle and to my respected parent, I have been brought up. If I were authorized to walk the quarter-deck, I should be at the height of my ambition." It was now my uncle's turn to sigh. He took a turn or two in silence; then approaching me, with the air of a man who has suddenly made up his mind, he replied, "well,—if it must be so—and I fear such is the case—I must endeavor to forward you, in this unlooked for result of circumstances. It is not often that I yield,—but the hand of heaven appears in this—at least to me,—and you shall have your wish. Shall I speak to your captain, and point out to him your family and pretensions,—or would you rather commence the career of an officer in another ship?" Of course I chose the latter, for I could have no predilection for a vessel into which I had been forcibly introduced; and where my privations had been so great, and myself treated with so little regard to what I was proud enough to think my due.

Accordingly he left me after a little while, promising that he would instantly depart for London, and get his friend to do what should be needful for my advancement; and such was his dispatch that on the fourth day there came an order for my discharge into the "*Ardour*" of sixty-four guns, *on promotion*. How my heart beat on that morning, when the quarter-master came down into my berth, and uttered the awful words, "P. the captain wants you on the quarter-deck." The quarter-deck! That place so much honored and so much dreaded by the common sailor! The place of judgment, of punishment, of worship, of congregation, where officers *only* "live and move, and have their being." That place where a seaman never comes willingly, and departs with all alacrity,—for it is notorious that *Jack* will hang about the *break* of the quarter-deck when he has occasion to cross it, until he has wrought himself into a desperate resolution, and then he starts off at full speed, one hand at his hat, and the other hitching up his trowsers. To this awful quarter-deck I was now to repair, guessing right well the nature of the interview. Up I went, made my bow to Captain Martinet, who, looking rather graciously upon me, began "P. how long have you been at sea," I answered, only the voyage in which I had been impressed on my return. "Have you had an education—what are your friends?" I gave him the best account I could of the matter. "Do you incline for the service?" "I believe so, sir, but I have not yet seen much of it." "Well, if you could be promoted in the *Calliope* would you like to stay in her?" My good genius perhaps whispered me to make no reflections, and I replied that "as my station had hitherto been so low, it would be better for me to change the scene, with the change of condition, else I could not wish better fortune than to serve under *him*." "Ah! well,—you are a sensible boy,—I am sorry I did not know you sooner—but in a new ship's company gathered together as this is, it was hardly possible. You will have your wish, youngster, you will be sent into the *Ardour* on promotion, and I heartily wish you may succeed as I have no doubt you deserve. You will be allowed to go on shore presently, where you will meet your relation, who will fit you out properly so as to enter the *Ardour* in the uniform of a gentleman, your draft-discharge will be brought to you at the hotel in Sheerness, and you will accompany the officer who brings it, to your new ship. I have seen your uncle, myself, and from what I hear of you, I think you are cut out for the service. Farewell, young man; hereafter if you should wish to join me in some



other ship, write to me, and it shall be done;—I shall be glad to forward your interests in the service, as far as I can. Go and prepare for the shore, you will be called when the boat is ready.” I bowed and left him. I flew round the decks, and took a hasty farewell of the few who had cared for me,—threw myself into the boat that was to take me to my revered friend and uncle,—and looked proudly up at the *Ardour*, as we passed her, in the consciousness that in a few hours I should step upon her decks—an officer and a gentleman.

In due time, I presume, though I thought it an age, we reached the landing place at Blue-town, Sheerness, and I was conducted to the hotel, where my good uncle met me with open arms. He had already seen Captain Ferguson, of the *Ardour*, who promised to take care of me, and consider me as one of his own *followers*. Moreover I was to be presented to him that very evening, as soon as my equipment could be prepared, and the poor and dirty P. *the unlucky*, could “cast his slough” and become a “young gentleman,” which last, by the way, is the term given to all the young officers under the rank of lieutenant.

By the magic power of gold, that happy event was brought about in a shorter time than even my impatience could anticipate. A very few hours saw me rigged in “long-togs,” “an iron-bound scraper,” and a hanger. I confess my vanity, my dear R. At the moment that I first surveyed myself *invested* in the signs of authority, my modesty insinuated that there were not many more likely young fellows in the world than the one then facing the looking-glass. I already in imagination was looking down on the greater part of the “reefers” in the *Ardour*, as fair weather sailors, who did not know the main tack from the captain’s epaulette, whilst I, who had weathered storms, and seen service, must be looked up to, as a thoroughbred seaman. Alas! Poor I! There are grand mistakes abroad, as to the *real* seamanship of young naval officers, and I had imbibed them, in common with the rest of the world.

In the midst of this self-complacency, poor uncle was forgotten, until I was reminded of his presence, by a deep sigh. I turned hastily round, ashamed of my vanity and conceit, and perceived him gazing wistfully at me, with a melancholy smile upon his countenance. “Come,” said he, attempting to speak cheerfully, “you have fairly succeeded in bewitching *yourself*, let us go and visit the town and neighborhood for an hour or two, and try your success with the world without, and then, if you should not be *stolen away*, we will go and pay our respects to Captain Ferguson.” I acquiesced of course, and on our return was introduced to my new commander, who condescended to say he thought there was much promise in me of an useful and smart officer. “And if so, Mr. P.,” he added, turning towards my uncle, “I promise you his talents shall not lay dormant while he is under my command.” I did not exactly understand the import of those words at the time,—but I soon found them out. When we were about to take leave, he said to me, “Mr. P. I will not break in upon your confidential communications by inviting you to breakfast with me to-morrow; but, as you will probably go on board in the morning, give this note to the commanding officer, who will of course see you properly taken care of. I shall be on board myself in the course of the day. Gentlemen, I wish you a good evening.”

## THE WORLD.

ALONG the course of life, old world!  
 Some thirty years or more,  
 We've been together rudely whirled,  
 Where chance or fortune bore:  
 Sometimes in kindness journeying on,  
 We've trod our path like brothers;  
 Although—it must be noted down,  
 Hard rubs have passed at others.

Thus gliding o'er the stream of Time,  
 We've topped the flood together—  
 Plucking our pleasures in their prime,  
 Through bright and stormy weather.  
 That my backsliding pardon wins,  
 I'm bold to lay a wager—  
 For mine have been but venial sins,  
 Compared with yours old stager!

What tales thy chequered story bears,  
 Of treason, stratagem and spoils;  
 Of furrowed hearts and bloody tears,  
 Of nations struggling in their toils;  
 All know—for in our early age,  
 We con thy venerable crimes,  
 And love the grandeur of thy page,  
 The record of thy stirring times.

But did I speak,—who know thee well—  
 I'd cheat thee of thy glory,  
 And 'stead of greater deeds, I'd tell  
 The weak points of thy story,—  
 Thy tricks—thy shifts and poor disguises,  
 Meanness that stoops—and pride that bends,  
 Virtues less honest than thy vices,  
 Thy base pursuits and paltry ends.

World! thou hast been no friend to me,  
 No wreath of thine has decked my brow;  
 Honors and wealth before me flee,  
 Unknown at first—as humble now.  
 The glorious heights my fellows win,—  
 For whom thy springs of honor flow—  
 To me a hopeless aim have been,  
 Repining in the vale below.

But spite of all the wrong thou'st done me,—  
 Perhaps I have myself to blame—  
 Old comrade! I can never shun thee,  
 Still—still thou dost my heart enchain:  
 Pleasures thou hast—and those I've tasted—  
 Unknown to all who would abuse thee;  
 Joys—which I should not so have wasted—  
 Oh! had I known but how to use thee.

## MANNERS AND SOCIAL HABITS OF PERA,\*

BY AN AMERICAN, LONG RESIDENT THERE.

In that circle which is called good society at Pera, that is to say the diplomatic circle, in which, every one in any way connected with a *Tur-geman* is permitted to "live, and move, and have a being;" the prevailing language and manners, and, among the younger part of this limited sphere, the dress, is French. It has not been long since it was Greek. The latter or something like it, is affected now by the elder females of this community; some in fact dress in a fashion of other ages, if such fashions ever existed. I now speak of the very oldest part of the society, who have outlived all appearance of what they formerly were, all idea of sacrificing to fashion, and all possibility of undergoing any change, except from life to death. There is something extremely singular in the old women in this country, particularly those who live a tranquil and easy life, and in the circle I speak of. They absolutely *dry up*, and become seasoned like a piece of live oak, which is incorruptible, or like an Egyptian mummy, but still retaining the vital spark. I should be afraid to say how old I thought some of them were, lest like Captain Riley, I might be suspected of romancing; but I can assure my readers, that they must have been as old as any Arab that the gallant captain ever met with in the desert. He rates their ages, I think, at from three to four hundred years. I don't say how old *my* old women are, but I venture to say they are as old as the oldest of *his* Arabs. The younger part of the female society are generally very pretty, and dress with a great deal of taste; they dance extremely well, and their manners are quite pleasing. The whole business of their lives is to dress well, to dance well, and to please. Great attention is paid to these important objects, and if as much care were taken of the mind, as of the manners, dress, and the movement of the feet, they would no doubt make fine women. Some of them make a noise on the piano. But whatever other sins they may commit, I have never yet known but one of them to be guilty of the sin of looking into a book, and that book, alas! was upside down. Their minds are blank paper; nothing can exceed their ignorance of every thing beyond the four corners of Pera and the village of Buyucderé; the first their winter, the latter their summer residence. They migrate from one place to the other like birds of passage, and to them the whole world is limited to the space of twelve or fourteen miles, the distance between the four corners and Buyucderé.

Their winter occupation is to attend the balls given by the ambassadors. They have no society in their own houses; blessed or cursed is the man who ever crosses the threshold of a Peroté, as they are called; blessed, inasmuch as he enjoys a favor seldom granted to any one, their doors never being opened for the purposes of hospitality; cursed, because if he have the means of entertaining, he is sure to be taxed ever after with the burthen of entertaining fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins, (they are *all* cousins here,) down to the third and fourth generation.

With the affairs of their neighbors, perhaps no people in the world are

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\* The place of residence of the ambassadors to the Sublime Porte.

better acquainted; they *will* know what they eat, what they drink, how they live. All their domestic concerns are pryed into, they send for their servants, and worm out of them, if possible, all the secrets of the family, should there be any, and seem to take particular pleasure in making them known far and wide, which the aforesaid ambassadorian balls give them an opportunity of doing. The female members of the family have another business to perform. As the streets of Pera do not in the winter season permit of walking out, each one has her favorite window, from which they undertake the inspection of so much of the crooked and dirty streets or lanes, as comes within the range of their visual organs—perhaps the limits may not exceed a few yards—perhaps less. Yet, there they sit “from morn till noon, from noon till dusky night,” carefully noticing every thing that occurs within their respective districts. This affords subjects for conversation, and it is almost incredible what a quantity of interesting details they will find to communicate, in the course of a *sitting*. As an instance, one lady, whose window looks into my back yard, and whose prospect is limited by the thick stone walls of a house in front of it, about ten feet distant, amused me during a whole morning’s visit, by recounting the gambols and tricks of two pointer pups; it is surprising how much entertainment she had found in watching their capers, and consequently how much amusement she had been able to afford her friends by the details. For two or three weeks, she had done nothing else but watch them, and wished for no other occupation.

Happy indeed must be the mind, fruitful must be the imagination, innocent the heart, that can find content, subjects for reflection, and amusement, in an employment so entirely harmless and unexceptionable. Others had wider fields for observation; various were the objects which presented themselves to their view; here, an overloaded Jew crying *Godoni Melikani* (American cotton) with a whizzing through the nose like the sound of a split flute. There a *Hamali* with a load that would crush down a Jackass. An Armenian with his long ears and calpac. A Greek with his full trowsers and scull-cap. A French shopkeeper running out with his samples of tape and pins. Perhaps a minister! A *chargé*! or last, though not least agreeable, a dapper attaché, an aspirant to a Turgemanic station! *She* envies them not; her mild and patient eye, rests calmly on the two puppies, and she seeks no other occupation, she wants no other amusement. Unfortunately, and without my knowledge, the servant to whom one of these pups belonged, sent it away; the other for want of a companion, took to the house, and the lady’s “occupation *was* gone.” I am told that she has since taken up with two cats, that are carrying on a courtship on the eaves of the house, which intercepts her view, and that she is patiently watching the progress of it.

Two or three young ladies of our family informed me they had been to Russia on one occasion, where they had spent a few months. They were looked upon with wonder on their return, and Sindbad the sailor had not half the astonishing things to relate, that they had seen in Russia. Their acquaintances often pointed them out to me as *travelled* ladies. The thought struck me once to ask them “how they liked St. Petersburg?” “They had never seen it.” “Moscow?” “Nor that neither.” I asked with some surprise “what part of Russia they had visited?” “Odessa on the Black Sea!” “No other place?” “*Pas plus.*”



I will venture to assert that of the ladies of this class of society, not one in fifty, nay not one in a hundred, if there be so many of them, has ever crossed the Bosphorus, or the harbor of Constantinople, or knows any thing more about Asia and the city, than about Hindoostan or Timbuctoo. Yet with all their ignorance, while they are young they are pretty, and sooner or later are picked up by some young Turgeman of the second or third class, and begin the laudable occupation of increasing and multiplying the members of the Turgemanic corps. But as they grow old, heaven help them; they have then a physiognomy peculiarly their own, they have a particular stamp or seal placed on their features. It has grown in some measure out of their political, but more particularly their social relations. Diplomacy, the art of concealing the thoughts, and of producing false impressions is the great study at Pera; this study gives a particular cast to the countenance, and almost every man who has been long in the diplomatic corps has it, but more especially the Turgemans. They all look as if they were big with something that required all their prudence to conceal. It is natural that this cast of features should descend to the child; this is the *political* cause. I have before observed that they are all cousins here; marriages and intermarriages without number have been practised from time out of mind. There are but few families of the rank of what are called noble to be found here. I do not think they would exceed ten, and I am certain, not a dozen. Strangers of rank are not willing to connect themselves with this spurious nobility, and to marry, beyond the pale of their circle, to inferior rank, would be at once to lose caste. They would be excommunicated and execrated; to marry a merchant, whatever his worth, would be a stain on their family escutcheons never to be effaced. Thus what are they to do? They have hit on a very simple remedy; they marry one another and keep all the honors among themselves; this is the *social* cause. Now every farmer in our country knows the effect of "breeding in and in," as it is called, and no one among us is ignorant of the consequences of cousins marrying cousins from one generation to another. The effect is strongly marked on the mind as well as on the countenance; this practice long continued, in fact, produces in both idiocy and all its characteristic traits. Go into an old Pera family, where this practice has been continued from generation to generation, from the time of the Latins perhaps, and you will find all the evidences of its consequences;—weak intellects, with sense enough only to endeavor to conceal their imbecility under the cloak of etiquette and diplomacy; and in the countenances of the aged,—who have forgotten how to change the true expression of the features, by that eternal artificial smile, which the young ones have for all alike,—there is, in a peculiar degree, that stamp which unerringly marks the mixed character of knave and fool.

If I were asked to say what kind of features were necessary to make up the countenances alluded to, I should reply, ears long and elevated, drawn forward by the muscles of the forehead, which, by constant exercise, have furrowed themselves on each side into three or four deeply indented semi-circular wrinkles, divided by some perpendicular furrows over the nose. Eyebrows drawn up to a high point, the eyelid fallen so as to conceal the expression of the eye, the ball of which is projecting, so as to catch through the lashes a view of every object near; the nose somewhat large from use,

and pressed a little over to the left side of the face by the frequent application of snuff with the thumb of the right hand; the sides of the mouth rather drawn together, the lips parting, ready made up for a broad smile if necessary on the shortest notice. The corners of the mouth sunk, and flanked on each side by two deep vertical trenches, which in their youthful days may have passed for dimples. The whole ruminative, staid, and of a reflective cast. The head a little inclined on one side, and forward; ready to catch the slightest sound, or bow to the slightest attention. The ears have a slight movement in different directions to facilitate the reception of sound. The head long and disproportioned to the body. The whole appearance asinine.

In the presence of an ambassador, the angle of inclination of the body is 45 degrees; a minister plenipotentiary 35 degrees; minister resident 25 degrees; chargé 15 degrees; with their equals perpendicular; with their inferiors a hollow in the back. There is one extraordinary faculty these people have acquired, that of conversing with one person, while they are listening to the conversation of all others within ear-shot range. Some ladies in our country have this talent, but they are nothing to Pera Turgemans.

A very clever French writer, *Pertrusier*, in speaking of the inhabitants of Pera, says, "*Les habitants de Pera ont une physionomie à eux, que leur relations politiques et sociaux ont du nécessairement marquer d'un cachet particulier.*" Tome 2d, p. 251.

Now this, though true, gives you no idea of what this "*physionomie*" or this "*cachet particulier*" is: I have thought it best therefore, that my reader should not remain in the dark on a subject of so much importance as the characteristic marks of a whole race,—one which has escaped the notice of the naturalist. *Pertrusier* has the merit of making the discovery, but I yield to no one the credit of surveying the coast and indicating the promontories, the indentations, the harbors, depths and shallows.

Some naturalists say, that the face, legs and neck of the cameleopard were originally no longer than those of the hare, but being compelled to seek his food from the high branches of trees, they in course of time became of the proportions we now see them. For a contrary reason the fore legs of the kangaroo became short, for the convenience of seeking his food on the earth. Philosophy tells us that man is not an exception to this pliability of nature, which accommodates things according to exigencies. A man may form his own features; for example,—

"In all physiognomy, the lineaments of the body will discover those natural inclinations of the mind, which dissimulation will conceal, or discipline will suppress."—*Bacon*.

Scripture tells us that we all descended from one common stock, yet what vast varieties do we see in the family of man? the Englishman, the Frenchman, Spaniard, German, Italian, &c. &c., have all their distinguishing traits, and may be known by a glance; as may also the Indian, the Negro, the Oran Outang, the monkey—why not then the Perotés? The Esquimaux are said to have sprung from a few wrecked Norwegians, who intermarrying with each other have by degenerating, come to their present stature and faculties, and formed a new race of beings. Why then should we be surprised, that a people, living to themselves and for themselves, intermarrying for centuries with one another, should have lost their original

character, if they ever had any, and taken one of a new and perfectly distinct form from that of all others in nature.

Lord Monboddo insists on it that men were originally formed with tails, but by frequent docking and the process of dry nursing, have been relieved from that very inconvenient appendage. I have no opportunity of knowing whether the Peroté retains his tail or not, but from all his other appearances and manners; I am rather inclined to think he does. This however is mere matter of opinion, which of course will pass like all other opinions, for as much as it is worth. It is an admitted fact that the tails of colts may be made shorter by docking those of their sires; and the difference between the length of the tails of an English and Arabian horse is sufficient proof of the fact. The Arabians never dock their horses. Naturalists say that dogs all came from one stock, and all the varieties we see, from the noble stag hound to the stunted cur, have been produced by education, climate, and breeding. Why then is it extraordinary that a whole community should think alike and look alike, when their forefathers and foremothers also, have looked alike and thought alike, for so many generations. Their employments have been for ages those of Turgemans, which implies a talent for every species of intrigue and duplicity; chancellors, not much better; and sometimes chargés, in the absence of the minister; which makes them a *little* worse.

Every one knows the effect of occupation on the mind and on the features; the farmer who ploughs the earth may be easily distinguished from him, whose occupation it is to plough the main, and so throughout the different classes of society: so of the brute creation; how easy it is to distinguish between the character of the sturdy honest mastiff, and the crouching, cringing, whining spaniel; just as easy is it to know the Peroté; he has a construction of mind, a cast of features, and a manner that would distinguish him from every other biped on earth.

This is no sketch of fancy, or of a single individual, it is the rough outline of a class, drawn with fidelity, and it would be a waste of words to endeavor farther to prove, that a genuine Peroté differs as much from the rest of his species as an Esquimaux, an Oran Outang, a dependent, or a spaniel.

I do not doubt that the innovations which are gradually creeping in among all ranks of society, in this empire, will sooner or later extinguish the race of Perotés. Foreign nations have recently discovered that it is more to their interest to instruct their young men in the Turkish language, and employ them as interpreters in their intercourse with the Porte, than to employ the Peroté, who has no interests but his own to consult. The consequence is, that the females of this class have directed their attention to the young and accomplished foreigners who aspire to the Turgemanic rank, and will consequently by intermarriage with them in time, produce a total change, highly advantageous to the physical and moral habits of their posterity.—“This is a consummation devoutly to be wished.” Since my residence, some of these marriages have taken place, and the good fruits of them are already seen.

I have taken some pains in drawing the portrait of this singular race, fancying that ere long it will become extinct, or so improved as not to be known. The last of the Perotés will be as interesting as the last of the North American Indians.



I have thus far confined myself chiefly to one particular class. Of the construction of society in general, at Pera, I have said but little; nor is there much to be said. Good society is much the same every where, and as it is here only to be found at the palaces of the ambassadors and of the foreign ministers, perhaps there is none in Europe that excels it.

I have enjoyed the greatest pleasure in attending the splendid parties given by the different legations here, and for magnificence, it would be difficult anywhere to excel them.

The foreign legations are also distinguished for elegance of manners, intelligence, and strict propriety of conduct. They form indeed a class by themselves, and their ministers stand at such an awful height above all others, that they are looked up to by their inferiors with the reverence due to the representatives of majesty.

Many complain of the strictness of the etiquette observed in the diplomatic circle.—It is strict, and it must be so, to guard against and prevent the impertinent obtrusiveness of the Perotés. Among the ministers themselves, and their families, there is as much sociability and freedom from restraint as can be found anywhere, but in self defence against the annoyance of these troublesome insects, they are compelled from necessity, to throw over themselves the cold icy mantle of etiquette, and to make their approach difficult; and the minister, who neglected this necessary precaution, would soon find his situation insufferable. Remove this restraint, and they rush into your house in swarms, and having once obtained access, it is with difficulty they can be got clear of. You can scarcely smoke them out,—they make it their common resort, and you have finally to do as others do; that is to order your servant to say, you are sick, or you are busy—are gone to bed, or are not at home, or to tell some other fib. This course pursued for awhile, the swarm disappears; the object is soon known to them, but it offends none,—when they meet you afterwards, there is the same servility, and if you permit it, the same obtrusiveness. It has always been the custom here, for the ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary, to give large entertainments at stated periods, and frequently. This is not expected from other members of the diplomatic corps; ministers resident, and *chargés*, entertain among themselves and their friends, as may suit their own convenience. This is not the case with the high ranks of diplomacy. The birth-day of the sovereign, the arrival of a new foreign minister, their own birth-day, or particular saint's day, or a particular national festival, on all and each of those occasions and others, entertainments are given. At the dinners, on these great occasions, it is rarely that any one below the rank of secretary of legation, or first *Turgeman*, is invited; all are expected to appear in full costume, and the utmost attention is paid to the rank of the respective individuals, in going to and from, and in taking their seats at the table.

These dinner parties are generally over by half past seven or eight o'clock, at which hour the persons who are invited to attend the ball begin to assemble. These are invited by the chiefs of the different legations, at the request of the minister or ambassador giving the entertainment. It is usual for the minister, *chargé*, &c., to introduce those he has invited to his host, soon after their entrance into the room. The amusement of the evening consists chiefly in dancing, in which the young ladies of Pera perform a conspicuous part, all dancing extremely well, and being, as I before said



quite pretty, and dressing very neatly, they make very pleasant partners to the young gentlemen who are attached to the different legations. But if the aforesaid young ladies are connected in the twentieth degree with the Turgemaneric, wo betide the *bourgeois*, with his blue coat and his yellow buttons, who dares approach them with the desire of dancing with them. No, he must seek a plebeian partner, of which of course there are plenty in the room, it being understood that all having claims to respectability and gentility, are to be invited to these balls. Cards are also introduced at these parties, *Ecarté* and *Whist* are the games which are generally played; and are sometimes, (particularly the former,) played high, for it cannot be denied that, however good the society, wherever cards are introduced, money, more than amusement, is the object. The dances are, *Waltzes*, *Cotillions*, and *Country dances*; the former are generally preferred, and whatever may be the name of the dance, waltzing generally furnishes the greater part of the figure. Occasionally I have seen the *Romaic*, a Greek dance, the *Polonnaise*, and a Russian dance, with a name, like most Russian names, difficult to remember, and still more difficult to pronounce.

The passion of the oldest of the old ladies for dancing, continues until the latest period of their lives. To tell the truth, I have not seen one older than a grandmother dance, but, I speak of the passion, which, like most passions, exists long after the power of gratifying them ceases. I have seen a grandmother, however, lead off a *Romaic*, a kind of *Bacchanalian* dance, with considerable spirit for a few minutes, but she at length gave up; her will was good, but her powers could not last, and the poor old lady was led tottering off to her seat, applauded, of course, by the whole company. As long as life lasts they visit these parties, and their strange costumes are the subject of much amusement to those who never before saw any thing like them, as they are unlike any thing on the face of the earth.

After midnight there is, on great occasions, generally a supper, at which every thing sumptuous and splendid is exhibited; indeed, no expense or pains are spared at these entertainments, to make them as brilliant as possible. So much do the ministers devote themselves to the comfort, the happiness, and pleasures of the guests, that they appear almost the slaves of society, ever watchful and attentive to their slightest wishes, not neglecting the smallest civility or point of etiquette. To give one of these parties with *eclat*, requires a particular habit and tact, and this, with their extreme solicitude to please, has produced on the minds of the *Perotés* the idea, that the only qualification requisite for a foreign minister is to know how to give parties, and thus the only object of foreign governments in sending ministers here, is to entertain the society of Pera.

To live in *Galetea*, is to be sure to live out of the court atmosphere, yet in great parties the *Galeteans* are included, who, if on the score of political importance they do not stand so high as their neighbors of Pera, have another subject of boast, connected with religion, to which the *Perotés* can put in no claim. They are fully persuaded that the *Epistle of Paul to the Galatians* was addressed to them, and them alone.—*Let every man bear his own burthen, is the maxim of our modern Galeteans.*

These frequent assemblies under the residence of a stranger, who seeks only amusement, are quite agreeable, provided he be of the privileged class, and provided he has been introduced to the *palace*. But for the preserva-

tion of harmony and good intelligence at Pera, it is absolutely necessary that the powers of Europe should keep at peace ; for the slightest disturbance among them is felt at Pera almost before it is known elsewhere ; and all society is split up into infinitely small scraps of factions. Of course there is an end to pleasure, for each party strives to gain the approbation of his minister, by a rigid and severe hostility, and unbending reserve towards the opposition faction. The ministers may be at the same time, and often are, on the most friendly terms with one another, though policy does not permit a public display of their friendship ; but this signifies nothing with the small fry, they will have no peace among them, until Europe is again tranquil.

In private society the etiquette observed is infinitely ridiculous, and cannot escape the observation of any one. This is one of the consequences of these little wars above alluded to, and the desire of taking precedence of one another in ceremonials,—and if connected in any way with a legation, the individual interested conceives himself completely identified in the affair with his sovereign.

I may be better understood by the following anecdote. A person holding a sixth rate situation in one of the legations, came to consult me as to the dress he should wear, at a diplomatic evening party, to be given on the anniversary of a sovereign ; whether he should wear the blue or the red embroidery ? The embroidered or gold laced pantaloons, or breeches and stockings ? I told him, that for my part, “I thought it of very little consequence what he wore, provided he went dressed like a gentleman.” “My dear sir,” said he, “I want to convince his imperial majesty, and my own sovereign, that I have done every thing in my power to show proper respect on the occasion.”

In these little matters an observer and an amateur may find much to amuse himself, by noticing the conduct of the diplomatic small fry of Pera,—I speak now of the natives. They are eternally on the alert to guard their supposed rank and consequence ; and to be guilty of so great an oversight, as to permit, through inadvertence, through deference, or from any other cause, a person of inferior pretensions to themselves to usurp their place, is to commit an unpardonable error ; it would be the subject of conversation for months, and the reputation lost would never be regained. He would be set down as one totally unfit to fill the meanest station in the diplomatic corps, where the first duty of man is, to maintain his proper rank and station in the line, and to let no one, on any consideration whatever, push him out of it.

As to the population in general, the *canaille* of Pera, they have no traits of resemblance whatever, to those of any other known country. Servility the most abject and complete is their lot, and if there be a class of beings on the earth, who would carry off the prize for bad faith, self-interest, and the desire of benefiting themselves by means however vile, this class would most certainly deserve it, for the members which compose it, carry these qualities to the highest degree. They come here needy and unprincipled adventurers—public opinion holds no influence over them ; the feeble restraint of the ministers of their respective nations is but little felt. Their object is to make their fortunes ; this brings them here, and when this object is effected, they depart, regardless of the name they leave behind, whether it be—“to paint a moral, or adorn a tale.”

I now quit the subject without regret, not being able to find one redeeming virtue among the mass of the people, to atone for their numerous sins. If I return to it again, it will be to amuse and not to disgust my readers, for with all their bad traits, I flatter myself, that in their vanities, their affectations, in their idioms, and peculiar manner of conversing, I can still find subject for laughter; for it must be confessed they are not too bad or too contemptible to be laughed at. I am aware that this account will be thought by many exaggerated, but for the truth of it I appeal to those acquainted with the character of the people of Pera, to several of whom I have shown it, and they have acknowledged its correctness. In drawing this sketch, I have done little more than follow the observations of "Pertrusier,"—I found him correct, and have in many instances used his language. In speaking of these people, he says, "but we must take care how we speak the truth of them, it looks so much like slander, that it may easily be mistaken for it."

But let us leave the scum of Pera, who are not worth the trouble we have bestowed on them, and let us fly to the *champ des morts*, where, thanks to the magnificence which nature has spread around, the thoughts of Pera, and its inhabitants, will be lost, in the calm quiet feelings and sentiments, which will be awakened within us, while we are wandering among the mansions of the dead.

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### MARGARET OF ANJOU,

A LEGEND FROM THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

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MONTAGUE was so encouraged with this success, that while a numerous reinforcement was on their march to join him by orders from Edward, he yet ventured, with his own troops alone, to attack the Lancastrians at Hexham; and he obtained a complete victory over them. \* \* \*

The fate of the unfortunate royal family, after this defeat, was singular. Margaret, flying with her son into the forest, where she endeavored to conceal herself, was beset, during the darkness of the night, by robbers, who, either ignorant, or regardless of her quality, despoiled her of her rings and jewels, and treated her with the utmost indignity. The partition of this rich booty raised a quarrel among them, and while their attention was thus engaged, she took the opportunity of escaping with her son into the thickest of the forest, where she wandered for some time, overspent with hunger and fatigue, and sunk with terror and affliction. While in this wretched condition, she saw a robber approach with his naked sword; and finding that she had no means of escape, she suddenly embraced the resolution of trusting entirely for protection to his faith and generosity. She advanced towards him, and presenting to him the young prince, called out to him, "Here, my friend, I commit to your care the safety of your king's son." The man whose humanity and generous spirit had been obscured, not entirely lost by his vicious course of life, was struck with the singularity of the event, was charmed with the confidence reposed in him, and vowed, not only to abstain from all injury against the princess, but to devote himself entirely to her service.—*Hume's England*, chap. 22.

## MARGARET OF ANJOU,

A LEGEND FROM THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

THE strife had ceased!—On Hexham's charnel plain,  
 Fattening the thirsty soil with blood for rain,  
 Peasant and prince—Earth's vain distinctions past,—  
 Slept their cold sleep, the soundest, and the last!  
 A thousand fiery hearts, that ne'er again  
 Shall leap in rapture at the trumpet's strain!—  
 A thousand eyes, that never more shall beam  
 With mild affection; nor with fury gleam!—  
 A thousand hands, that never more shall grasp  
 \*The mortal sword, nor flutter in the clasp  
 Of fairy palms, when passion's sweeping tide  
 Hath whelmed the barriers of controlling pride!—  
 A thousand tongues, that never more shall swell  
 The earthquake clamor of the battle's yell;  
 Nor breathe sweet music to the harmonious wire;  
 Nor win soft fantasies with sighs of fire!—  
 Chill—glassy—nerveless—silent—as the clay  
 Whence sprang their form,—which grows with their decay!—  
 The broad May moon her tranquil glory shed  
 On friend and foe,—the dying and the dead,—  
 The glittering casque, upon the pallid brow,  
 Flouting the ghastly smile that grinned below.†—  
 The gorgeous stripling, with his locks of light  
 All stained and dripping in the dews of night,—  
 The hoary grandsire, with his thin gray hair  
 Plucked from his front to deck the raven's lair,—  
 Rider and steed, their course of glory run,—  
 The loyal father and the rebel son,  
 York's snowy rose, beside the rival flower,—  
 All blended there in death's impartial hour!  
 The shaft of Lancaster was shot;—his brand  
 For ever broken! To a firmer hand  
 His kingdom's majesty had passed,—and he,  
 A houseless wanderer on the barren lea,  
 Dethroned,—deserted,—desolate,—alone,—  
 Without one hand,—one heart,—to call his own,—  
 Desperate of human hope, deplored the fate  
 That cursed him with that misery,—to be great!  
 Northumbria's woodlands wide are robed in mist,—  
 The last faint gleam of waning day hath kissed  
 Old Cheviot's heathery sides, and forehead bare  
 Of living granite; while the evening air,  
 Though chill and shivering, lacks the breezy power  
 To shake the dew drops from each forest flower,  
 That droops, surcharged with tears, its modest head,  
 Like some pale girl, whose first fond dreams are fled.  
 White curled the vapor from the river's breast,  
 The pearly boughs, by watery weight oppressed,  
 Distilled their showers condensed, with heavy sound  
 The big drops plashing on the steamy ground.

\* ————— nay let us rather

Hold fast to the mortal sword—————*Macbeth.*† And Death grinned horribly a ghastly smile.—*Paradise Lost.*



At times, with booming knell, the bittern's note  
Rose from the marsh—wild as the tones that float  
On the still midnight, ominous of death  
When Erin's noblest gasp their failing breath,  
And shuddering vassals mark, in hopeless gloom,  
The Spirit wailing for the mortals doom ;—  
At times, in fiercer strains, the wild cat's yell  
Awoke the echoes of the mountain dell ;—  
But voice of man was none,—nor cheery light  
Gilding the dark unlovely face of night ;—  
Nor shepherd's beacon, on the distant hill,  
Nor huntsman's fire, beside the tinkling rill,  
Told aught of human aid,—of refuge nigh,  
From the harsh peltings of the inclement sky.—  
Yet there,—even there!—in solitude and wo,  
With streaming locks,—with "faltering steps and slow,"—  
Her royal robes by chilling tempests drenched,—  
Bent her proud form—her spirit still unquenched,—  
Margaret of Anjou—with that princely boy  
Sole source to her of love, and fear, and joy,—  
Through the dread wilderness toiled feebly on,  
But knew no terror, e'en when hope was gone !—  
That morn had seen her, with her gallant train,  
Trampling, in fearless pomp, the fated plain,  
Elate in coming triumph, and secure  
Of all, her friends should win, her foes endure ;—  
Noon came !—and lo ! the invincible array  
Dispersed—hewn down—cold as their kindred clay !—  
Night found her, shivering, with her infant child,  
Benumbed and famished on the houseless wild,  
Crowning with this despite,—the worst and last,—  
A hopeless future and a hapless past !

From the red away of York's unsparing sword  
Escaped,—escaped from the relentless horde  
Of outlawed ruffians,—far from mortal ken  
She fled for safety to the savage den,  
Safer midst ravening wolves, and starless night,  
Than girt with thousands in day's garish light.  
Yet on that pallid cheek no selfish dread  
Paled the warm flush, nor shook the stately head ;  
Nor recked she that her limbs were chilled and torn,  
By the keen night air, and the rending thorn ;—  
Nor that the traitor's guile, the usurper's doom,  
Might hurl her headlong to a felon's tomb ;—  
Fame, power, and pleasure, reft by fortune's frown,  
A royal husband, and a queenly crown,  
She heeded not,—so *he* might stem the flood  
Of stern misfortune,—*he*, for whom her blood  
Was turned to bitterest gall,—for whom her heart  
Had felt all womanish emotions part,  
Till she had donned stern manhood's iron guise,  
And banished mercy fled her burning eyes !—  
Yet was she gentle once,—while young and fair  
She breathed enraptured the enchanting air  
Of her own Anjou ;—while the tints of youth—  
Undimmed as yet by graver hues of truth,  
And sad experience,—lent their glorious tone  
To earth and heaven,—the cottage, and the throne,—

*Margaret of Anjou.*

While every soul seemed warm, and pure and high,—  
 While faith and friendship beamed from every eye.  
 Till the young pilgrim through this vale of wo  
 Saw in the skies above, the world below,  
 One boundless paradise of hope and joy,  
 With nought to temper this, or that to cloy.  
 But fast, and fatal, fell the shafts of fate  
 And nature yielded to affliction's weight,—  
 Till the fair damsel of that southern land  
 Could wield with murderous grasp the fatal brand,  
 All! all the thousand lovely traits—that graced  
 Her glorious prime—evanished or debased,  
 Save one alone,—which o'er that wreck of soul  
 Soared proudly heavenward, and defied control!—  
 Ye who have felt the pangs, which mothers know,  
 And loved more deeply, as more deep the wo,—  
 Ye who have known what 'tis to watch the smiles,  
 The first faint accents, and the endearing wiles,  
 Of your new infant,—was it not the glow  
 Of MOTHER'S LOVE, which ebb'd not, when the flow  
 Of stormy passions, and engrossing care,  
 Had whelm'd the mind in guilt, and dark despair?  
 And now when all was o'er, she clasped him close  
 To her lorn breast, and soothed his childish woes,—  
 She spoke of happier days, and joys to come,  
 His noble father, and his cheerful home,—  
 By soft endearments whiled the weary hours,  
 Till paly dawn o'ergilt the forest bowers.  
 Sudden she paused!—An armed tread, a cry  
 Rose from the copse!—She turned—she sprang to fly!—  
 When bursting from the tangled thicket's shade,  
 With eye of gloom, red hand, and brandish'd blade,  
 The woodland rover bounded! Fixed she stood  
 As some tall marble—but the boiling blood  
 Rushed to her brow—her cheek!—Her glance of pride  
 Quail'd not—"Behold"—in haughty tones she cried—  
 "Vassal, behold thy prince!—To thee is given—  
 His faithless subjects from their master riven—  
 To shield thy monarch's son from chains, and death,  
 To guard his footsteps with thy latest breath,  
 To live—to die for him, and leave thy name—  
 Though branded now with blots of foulest shame—  
 More honored so, than if thy days had flow'd  
 For ever pure in virtue's spotless road."  
 Aghast the robber started!—O'er his soul  
 High thoughts and noble—with the surgelike roll  
 Of memory's ocean swept,—the impetuous sway  
 Of frantic passion calmly passed away,—  
 Down dropt the weapon,—and with suppliant mien  
 The ruffian bent to the majestic queen;—  
 And—"Hear"—he cried—"Earth, Air, and Ocean, hear!  
 By HIM who made both these and me—I swear!—  
 By my pure boyhood, and my sullied name!—  
 By my fierce yearnings for a better fame!—  
 That I will save him;—man, nor fiend shall part  
 The deep resolve from my unconquered heart!—  
 Thy son shall rule, a king, his father's land,—  
 Or rest in safety on a foreign strand."

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

(Concluded from page 250.)

THE sufferings and privations of Lafayette for a long and dreary period were great. From the time of *Trenck* perhaps no prisoner had been subjected to greater indignities. The courts of Germany and Prussia indeed seemed the favorite spots for the invention of tortures, and for impotent attempts to fetter the minds as well as the bodies of its illustrious victims. Months and years passed over the head of the brave Lafayette, yet though at the commencement of the incarceration, he was informed "that he would never for the future see more than these four walls;—that he would receive no information about things or persons;—that his gaolers were prohibited from pronouncing his name, and that, in the government despatches, he would be referred to merely by his *number*;—that he would never have the satisfaction of knowing the situation of his family, or either of them of their reciprocal existence;—and that *as such a situation naturally incited to suicide*, knives, forks, and every means of destruction would be withheld from him."\* Yet was not all this sufficient to break the spirit that lodged within the breast of a hero. The soul remained unconfined, and the aspirations after liberty—moral liberty—kept up in him the hope that even yet better times might arrive. We see in his letter to his friend, that in despite of all precaution, he had been enabled to elude the vigilance of his gaolers, and communicate his thoughts. We have yet to see that the love and duty of a faithful wife, a woman alone deserving of such a husband, as he alone was worthy of such a wife, was able still farther to alleviate his sufferings, by the only means which have been found effectually competent to such an end—participation.

Madame Lafayette had not escaped the perils and difficulties which beset the good and the virtuous in those fearful days. The reign of terror as it was justly called, was fruitful of evil on all sides, sparing neither age, sex, nor condition;—even the most faithful in politics, to those which were ostensibly professed by the miscreants in power, were suspected, denounced, and hurried to the scaffold. Among these were some of the family of madame, and she herself had languished in prison, harrassed not so much at the uncertainty of her own fate, as of that of the husband she loved and honored. By the death of the *terrorists* her life was spared, and as soon as she recovered strength, it was to endeavor again to incarcerate herself with that husband,—to share with him his privations, and to afford him what she knew would be his greatest consolation, her society and assistance.

With difficulty she succeeded. She and her daughters were admitted—to share his fate. And again the weary days and months languished over their sickly heads, with the consciousness that the royal and imperial gaolers never intended to grant them more of heaven's pure air, nor the enjoyment of heaven's best gift—liberty. We may judge of the severity of their imprisonment, from the account given by Segur, who says that "the three prisoners, Maubourg, Lafayette, and Puzy, were confined for

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\* Sarrau's Lafayette, i. 71.

three years and five months *in the same corridor, without being allowed to meet, or to hear the slightest account of each other.*" Yet hope never forsook them, and the Providence in whom they trusted was preparing their release.

What the diplomacy of ministers could not effect,—what neither the desire of monarchs could produce,—nor even the letter of the great Washington himself, written with his own hand to the emperor, could soften, the rapid advances of Napoleon Buonaparte succeeded in bringing about. After difficulties, which even the last named wonderful personage acknowledged to be the greatest he had ever experienced in negotiation, they were at length released.

Yet though Lafayette owed to Buonaparte his liberty, perhaps his life, as well as those of his beloved partners in imprisonment, yet true to his principles, he would not compromise their integrity by voting against his conscience, or by assisting in views, of the ultimate end of which he was not satisfied. He saw the celerity with which Buonaparte was striding from elevation to elevation, with doubt and alarm, and upon the question of electing him to the consulate for life, he publicly demurred against the proposal. "I cannot," says Lafayette, "vote for such a magistrate until public liberty has been sufficiently guaranteed. Then I will give my vote to Napoleon Buonaparte."

Lafayette had declined taking any active part either in politics or in the field, since his release from imprisonment, but his son had entered the army, and was serving with great credit and distinction. From this time however, all communication was at an end between the first consul and him; and, as points of weakness and even of injustice will occasionally break forth in the actions of the greatest of mankind, young Lafayette was suffered to remain without promotion, the marked object of the consul's—afterwards the emperor's—personal dislike. The father nevertheless was too magnanimous to withdraw him, until the peace of Tilsit. He continued to live in retirement at Lagrange; and here, at length, his first *real* calamity befel him. His excellent wife,—the sharer of his captivity, the possessed of every virtue, of every charm that could render her estimable,—had never been able to recover the effects of her double confinement. She finally sunk under it, and Lafayette was bereaved of life's best good, and *his* best earthly friend, after a protracted and painful sickness,—on the 24th December, 1807; leaving him the doubly distressing reflection, that the first valued and tried blessing was gone for ever, and that for which he had bled, and been imprisoned, reviled, and misrepresented—public liberty—was still in fearful jeopardy.

Lafayette still continued to reside at Lagrange, he saw the powerful genius of the emperor predominant over all the surrounding nations. He saw the perversion of that liberty which had been, and continued to be, the master feeling in his bosom; but neither was he able to direct the current of affairs, nor to check the extravagant height to which the ambition of the wonderful ruler of France was reaching;—and he maintained his own quiet. He even continued to retain his tranquillity and unobtrusiveness when that ruler was overwhelmed and banished to Elba, and the white flag again floated throughout broad France. Nor did he quit his peaceful abode on the return of the emperor, when he came again to shake the nations with



his power. But the disasters of Waterloo roused him. The potentates of Europe entered triumphantly the capital of his country, to *force* upon the people, a family whom they could not reverence. The man who, notwithstanding his boundless ambition, had done so much for France, was proscribed, and placed, by the sentence of crowned heads, out of the pale of the law,—and now, upon being appealed to, to consider the pledges now given to the nation, he stepped forth saying,\* “that such an appeal, in the crisis in which they were placed, allowed him no room for hesitation; but that he had, nevertheless, a great fund of incredulity, which balanced, in some sort, his over-confidence in the year 8.”

True, not only to his principles in politics, but to those of honor in the heart, he applied himself sedulously in the first case, to restrain that sovereign power within due bounds, to which it was inevitable the nation must submit in some form or other. With a vigilant eye he received every proposal on the part of the allied sovereigns, which tended to interfere with international affairs; laboring hard to sustain the integrity and dignity of his country against foreign dictation, and settle her constitution under the restored Bourbons, upon the terms most conducive, in his opinion, to her happiness and independence; in the latter case, laying aside all feelings of animosity against the now unfortunate Napoleon, forgetting all opposition to his own opinions, he viewed him as a man who had acted under very strong impulses of ambition and self-aggrandisement, *powerfully combined* with the desire to be beneficial to the French nation, and to render it the greatest country in the world. At this crisis, therefore, Lafayette strove with all his might to gain the emperor’s acquiescence in seeking an asylum in the United States, and to procure a safe conduct for him in making the voyage. In the last, his efforts were overruled;—not by want of inclination on the part of the fallen great one, but by a vacillation in his conduct and his counsels, which showed that plans were with him at an end, and that his judgment was now at fault.

These matters being once settled, Lafayette again returned to his retirement. There was nothing in the state of things, in which he could co-operate,—nothing in the state of the times that could lead him to hope for greater purity in the form of the government; he therefore resolved not to interfere in public matters, but being chosen as one of the deputies, he performed its duties in a manner consistent with the principles of his whole life;—he joined no party, he had no intrigues, his manner was always fearless, his language open:—a *natural* consequence ensued, as he had always experienced, and as the history of all ages testified,—he made himself enemies on all sides of the chambers. Insinuations were first thrown out against him,—at these he smiled in contempt. Direct accusations succeeded these;—they were met decidedly and promptly by a demand for inquiry. In short, never man since the days of the eminent Greek worthies, has been more the subject of vituperation and misrepresentation, than the illustrious individual, who labored with his best judgment, spilled his best blood, and sacrificed his best years, in the cause of that country which so ungratefully regards him.

Yet it would be doing injustice to France generally, to affix such a cha-

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\* Sarrazin’s Lafayette, i. 87.

racter upon her. The insidious arts to which we have alluded, were those of court faction, not of the mass of the French population.

On the contrary, throughout the realms of his country, he was known and acknowledged as her brightest and purest defender, as one whom no combination of circumstances could seduce into selfish ambition or aggrandisement, and as one towards whom all eyes had been and would be turned, whenever danger might threaten the state. No such condition of affairs appeared at present to call forth such a necessity, and consequently intriguing politicians were likely to get the better of one who had not such a quality as intrigue in his composition.

During all these eventful transactions in his own country, America and her interests were constantly interesting to Lafayette. The remembrance of the nation, where alone true liberty, such as his own free soul could approve, was to be found,—of the nation for which he had first drawn his sword,—of that liberty for which he had first bled,—was always refreshing to the soul of the upright statesman and patriot, when the intrigues of party at home, or the faction of demagogues defeated his virtuous endeavors for his fellow citizens, or strove to wound his own feelings. And it was with sentiments of pleasure, rather than mortification, that he found himself unsuccessful, in the year 1823, at the election of the septennial chamber. The minister Vilele, and the partizans of that minister, by intriguing successfully to keep him out, gave him an opportunity of visiting the *country of his adoption*.

To this he had long been urged by his old friends and compatriots on this side of the water, and to this purpose he had long devoted himself, when time and circumstances should permit. But year after year had passed over his head,—he found his duties at home imperatively calling him to attend to the liberties of the *country of his birth*, and though year after year, the relentless king of terrors was dragging off the scene one or other of those valued friends with whom he held fellowship of feeling, as he *had* held fellowship of action, yet until now, he had never arrived at the moment in which he could say to himself, "I am free to go."

Terms of language are inadequate to express the satisfaction and joy that spread all over the United States, at the prospect of seeing once more, this man with whom all the ideas of independence, and all the recollections of former glories, were so closely associated. The nation, as one man, hailed with delight the hope of rendering the homage of gratitude and respect to the friend of Washington and America;—the first European who had dared to shake off the shackles of antiquated opinion, and to buckler a cause on which all the old world looked coldly, if not disapprovingly. An unanimous resolution was carried in congress of "the attachment of the whole nation, which ardently desired to see him again." A line of battle ship was ordered to sail, for his accommodation, as soon as he should express the time to avail himself of it. This however was not according to the independent spirit of Lafayette, neither was his visit intended as a means of consoling the vanity which had been wounded at home, by public homage abroad, and the ostentation of cutting a figure in another hemisphere. Agreeably to his real object, and conformably to the true spirit of the nation he was about to visit, he embarked like a private citizen, in the

packet ship *Cadmus*, and arrived in the bay of New York, on the 25th of August, 1824.\*

How shall we describe the reception of the illustrious hero upon landing on our shores,—how detail the enthusiastic warmth with which he was hailed,—the tokens of respect with which he was greeted, and the sedulous attempts to do honor to the greatest *remaining* hero of the revolution? The task would involve a moral impossibility. For the pleasing duty which our citizens imposed upon themselves, of manifesting their gratitude and esteem, was stimulated by the consciousness of the liberty they enjoyed through him, and the other noble hearts who had fought and bled with him, that liberty which was then, as it is now, as dear to every citizen of the union, as it was on the memorable day, when the last of its opponents ceased to fight against it, and AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE was acknowledged all over the world.

Suffice it then, that he travelled from city to city during the course of a year and a quarter; every where observing with complacency and satisfaction the rapid advances of population, the increase of commerce, the progress of refinement and arts, the happy satisfied condition of our citizens, in the land of true freedom, and receiving on every hand testimonials of affection, from every lip expressions of grateful feeling, and admiration of his career both in America and France was the theme of each tongue. Senates, colleges, civic authorities, learned bodies, deputations of citizens, and private individuals strove, with an amicable strife, to outdo each other in giving vent to the feeling which pervaded every breast from the veteran who had fought with him to the child who could barely lisp his name.

To say that these things were pleasing and consolatory to the patriotic heart of Lafayette were unnecessary,—the expressions were spontaneous and were therefore sincere. But the illuminations though brilliant, the acclamations though loud and long, the addresses though eloquent and impassioned, the banquets though magnificent, the triumphal arches though splendid, were not the points on which his mind reposed with most satisfaction. The *son of liberty* had a gratification greater, far greater than these. He turned his eyes on more than twelve millions of people, peaceably enjoying themselves, to use the beautifully allegorical language of scripture, "each one under his own vine, and his own fig tree." He saw universal equality consistent with legal subordination, the public good promoted without invasion of the private rights, an extensive commerce without hateful monopolies, a reclaimed wilderness turned into the retreats of plenty, for a population which increased beyond the calculations or even the dreams of economists. He saw a country which in forty years had become populous, rich, and wise, without its proportion of correspondent corruption, with such an excellent police, or with so little of the baseness of dishonesty, that in great cities the inhabitants could retire leaving their doors upon the latch. He saw those cities springing up on all sides like miracles, and expanding rapidly into the magnitude of those in the old world; every man pursuing his own affairs without the squint eye of jealousy at advantages unequally dispensed, all men authorised to run the race that pleased them with the prospect of final success, all men worship-

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\* Sarran's Lafayette, i. 120.



ping the God who blessed them, after the mode which best squared with their conscience, yet no clashing to mutual injury, no cherishing of "envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness."

*These were the real triumphs* which every where greeted the eyes and solaced the inward soul of Lafayette;—in these he felt the greatest exultation. To see a great nation in *such* a state of moral and political advancement, and to feel that *he* had been an instrument in bringing about so desirable a consummation, was a satisfaction far beyond that which either the acclamation of multitudes, or the more refined expressions of learned or political bodies could communicate, and this satisfaction was his to the utmost extent.

These were honest triumphs, for they were the triumphs of philanthropy and of just principle. The champion of freedom now met with a reward, which he confessed to be an ample recompense for the toils and vexations of a whole life. Yet did not the enthusiastic encomiums which were continually lavished upon him, nor the honor and reverence which at every step awaited him, ever shake the moderation with which this illustrious man always spoke of himself. When the time arrived that this *citizen of the world* in the best sense of the word, must tear himself from the country he so greatly revered, and the President of the United States had in the warmest and most emphatic manner pronounced the farewell and the benedictions of the nation to their distinguished visiter, it is good for us to listen to the reply, at once dignified and modest, of the veteran. It is good to have those words in perpetual remembrance, because by reminding us of what has been done for us, and of what we are, we may be stimulated to preserve our present character, and still to raise it so as to justify the prognostics which the deliverers of America pronounced upon her emancipated sons.

"Having," said Lafayette, "under most critical circumstances been adopted as a beloved son by the union; having participated in the labors and perils of the noble struggle, which had for its object, independence, liberty, and equality of rights; having taken a part in the foundation of the era of a new social order, now established throughout this hemisphere, and which must, for the dignity and happiness of the human species, successively spread over all the parts of the other hemisphere;—having received, at all periods of the revolution, and during the forty years which have since elapsed, both from the American people and their representatives, abroad and at home, continual marks of confidence and kindness;—such have been my glory, encouragement, and support, in my long and perilous career. But how shall I find language to acknowledge the flattering reception, and the marks of affection which have been shown me at each step of my journey through the twenty-four states of America for the last twelve months? These things have filled my heart with inexpressible joy, for they have afforded the people an opportunity of expressing their approbation of the very great favors, bestowed upon me by different branches of the government, in all the confederated states, and in the point of the union.

"But a still higher gratification awaited me,—in the miracles of creation and improvement which every where presented themselves to my eyes;—in the comfort so well appreciated by the people;—in the rapid progress of



their prosperity; in their security, public as well as private;—in their habits of good order, the genuine consequence of liberty;—in that national good sense, the sovereign arbiter of all differences, I beheld with pride the result of those republican principles for which we have fought, and the glorious proof, which must carry conviction even to the most timid and prejudiced, of the superiority of popular institutions, founded on the true rights of man, and guaranteeing by constitutional pledges, the privileges of each portion of the confederation, over the degrading system of aristocracy and despotism. *This union between all the states was the dearest wish of our great and paternal Washington, and its continuance must be the most fervent prayer of every American patriot.* It has already become the sacred pledge of the emancipation of the world, that emancipation in which I am happy to see the people of America interest themselves more and more, whilst they afford to Europe the encouraging example of the success of free institutions, in exchange for the evils which have been upon her by inheritance, and, over which, liberal and enlightened sentiments are daily gaining the mastery.\*

“And now, gentlemen, how can I possibly express the feelings which have been excited in my mind by the valuable assurances of your esteem and friendship, by the allusions you have made to times past, to my brave companions in arms, and to the vicissitudes of my life,—by the benedictions showered by many generations of the American people, upon the last days of a veteran soldier,—by your affectionate remarks, at the said moment of our separation, on my native land, which, I can assure you, teems with attachment to the American people, and on the hope so naturally cherished by me, of revisiting this country, which for half a century has treated me as one of her sons! Avoiding all superfluous repetition I will now merely confirm these sentiments, which I had occasion to express in public daily, from the period when your venerable predecessor, my old friend and brother-in-arms, transmitted me the honorable invitation of congress, to this moment, when you, sir, whose friendship for me is dated from early youth, are about to consign me to the safeguard of the heroic national flag which waves upon this fine vessel,—whose very name† is not the least of the many flattering compliments I have received in this country.

“May heaven shower down blessings on you, sir, on the American people, upon every state in the union, and upon the whole federal government! Accept this patriotic farewell, of a heart full of gratitude; a heart which will be animated with the same feelings, till the last moment it shall continue to beat.”‡

Such was the language of a great mind, conscious of its real deserts, but too proud to boast of them, too modest to dwell on them. He left our shores with the regrets and the increased admiration of all who knew him, or had heard of him, and once more retired to the retreat at Lagrange.

It was not consistent, however, with his notions of duty, to remain in indolent seclusion, whilst there was anything in which he could be serviceable to his country. He again offered himself as a candidate for the septennial

\* The traffic in slaves, forcibly imposed upon the English colonies, and now gradually being abolished throughout a great part of the union.

† The Brandywine, the place where he received his first wound.

‡ Sarraan's Lafayette, i. 132.

chamber, and was successful in his election. It would be but repetition to detail the line of conduct pursued by him;—as before, liberty, without license,—the rights of the people, without derogation to authorised power,—were always his leading objects, and which he never ceased to vindicate whenever he ascended the tribune.

It has been remarked above, that the nation at large were not inimical to Lafayette, and the truth of this was manifested when the wretched ministry was formed, the last that the infatuated Charles X. was destined to appoint. Such was the general feeling of dread and dislike of those men, that a rallying point was immediately sought, and that point was—Lafayette. On him all eyes were turned,—on him,—whose return to his native land they had, not long before, hailed with satisfaction, as a tried and valued citizen of the community,—were the hopes of the nation placed, when public liberty was again placed in jeopardy. That such was the case, let his reception at *Grenoble*, and above all, at *Lyons*, bear witness, where the whole population, unanimously came forth to meet him and do him honor, where splendor and refinement mingled with popular clamor, all striving who most could manifest the presence of the great, the good, the general champion of public rights. Yet could not all this induce him to swerve from the moderation and firmness which ever pervaded his conduct, he retired to his *Lagrange* to wait coming events which now began to manifest themselves.

At length the fatal ordinances of the 26th July, 1830, appeared; Lafayette with the alacrity of a young man, flew to Paris, and instantly threw in his lot with the insurgent patriots of the day. His name was a host. Once more he was appointed to the command of the *National Guard*, that bulwark of the *national liberties*. Once more was he *with that guard*, to achieve the liberties of the French, through blood and carnage, in which neither sex nor age was spared by the outrageous fury of the soldiers of despotism;—for it is remarkable that the violence of *civil war* is always, in a tenfold degree, more cruel than that between foreign parts;—once more the hallowed cause, the public cause was victorious, under the conduct of the veteran of liberty.

The results of the **THREE DAYS** are too well known to need a place here. Lafayette at length saw in his country, what he had wished throughout a long life,—“*a popular throne, surrounded by public institutions* ;”—yet did he constantly find himself under the necessity of watching this throne, and these institutions, until they should be finally settled, and become the law, and *the custom* of the land. He lent himself to no private schemes, he involved himself in no private party. His eye constantly fixed on that liberty which was the darling principle of his existence, he had neither eyes, ears, nor thought for anything else, and, as might be expected, his popularity ceased among *parties* when his services were no longer required.

His advice was ostentatiously asked by the king, and as it was always given freely and candidly, and not unfrequently was opposed to the royal opinion, it naturally engendered coldness on that side; he was invited to participate in various projects of policy, which he could not approve, by ministers and public characters in *regenerated France*, and as he never hesitated to give his opinions, and to oppose projects which he considered

opposed to the public weal, he drew upon himself the enmity and disgust of projectors on that side.

Assailed on all sides, by private pique and manœuvre, and by public obstacles, Lafayette at length retired from the National Guard, the corps of his own formation, the body of public defence, of which he was the political father, and once more sunk into a private station, save only as the duty of a deputy called him to the expression of his sentiments.

No sooner had he divested himself of office, than the old practice was resorted to against him. Accusations and insinuations flowed in on all sides, precisely as they had done forty years before, precisely as they have done in all nations, and at all times, from time immemorial. It is in fact the test, the proof of a patriot, that he shall be the rallying point in danger, the rejected and reviled in peace. But little they knew of the man who was now the subject of their persecution, if they imagined they could make him swerve from his principles, or step aside from his duty. Petty and perpetual as was their malice, it was rare that they could even draw down upon themselves the expression of his anger. His lofty soul was too far exalted to condescend to such expression on *his own account*;—but, let the sacred precincts of his home, his honor, his pledges be invaded, whether by individuals or by collective bodies;—*then*, came the storm of eloquence;—*then*, the thunder of invective and just reproach, from which the myrmidons of court influence have more than once shrunk with apprehension;—*then*, the indignant tones of the honest man dismayed the dastard spirits of factious courtiers, and of the pusillanimous sovereign, who was screened behind them.

It was indeed more than a mere saying in the court circles, that “there were three troubles to be got rid of,—Lafayette, Lafitte, and Dupont de l’Eure.” There were three men too uncompromising, too firm in their integrity, and as powerful out of office as in it, and it seems to have been the last despicable policy, as they could not get rid of them by law, to *sting* them to death. Happily for the French nation, the darts of the miscreants are harmless.—Lafayette has a soul impervious to such attacks.

At the advanced age of seventy-six, we still see the venerable Lafayette the uncompromising advocate of civil and religious liberty. He fought for it in the Northern, he was its successful advocate in the Southern America. He bled for it at home.—For liberty, true national liberty, he had suffered in himself, and in all he held dear on earth, it was the first desire of his existence, and doubtless will be the last mortal expression of his heart. Ever regardless of self, the happiness and rights of a whole world are not too large for his capacious soul, and he still finds, and will find, to the latest moment of his protracted and valuable career, the most glorious recompence within his own soul, which cannot but hail him as the universal friend of liberty and of mankind.

May his remaining years be crowned with that peace which a feverish and vacillating world have hitherto denied him;—and may he live to see the institutions for which he has so ably contended, shedding its blessings and happiness on the people for whom he has fought!—And may that people, be they of the new or of the old world, never forget, nor suffer their children to forget, that whatever captious snarlers, or selfish politicians may say, as to the non-existence of pure and disinterested patriotism, there is triumphant refutation of the calumny in the very names of WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE.

A. D. P.



## UNIVERSAL FAME,

BY J. K. PAULDING.

It is amazing to observe how little mankind know of each other, although the vanity of human nature whispers every distinguished person, that his fame is, or will one day be universal. The myriads of Asia and Africa, with a few solitary exceptions, never heard of the illustrious heroes, statesmen, poets, and philosophers of Europe; and a vast portion of the inhabitants of the latter, are ignorant of the very names of the great men of the east. But instead of an essay, we will give our readers a story to illustrate our meaning.

It happened once on a time, that an Israelite, an Egyptian, a Greek, a Turk, a Persian, a Chinese, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, an Italian, and an American, met by chance at a caravansary, somewhere in the east, and being all great travellers, speaking many languages, entered into conversation with each other. As usual, they all differed in their estimate of human happiness; the comparative value of the various enjoyments of life, and, above all, in their own individual importance, in the scale of nations. Each one held up his own country as the acme of perfection; and the utmost he would allow the others, was a degree of merit exactly corresponding with their approach towards the infallible standard of his own self-importance.

"The Israelites," said the Jew, "were the chosen people; therefore they must be the most true and virtuous of mankind."

"The Greeks," exclaimed the Athenian, "were the brightest race that ever adorned the world. Look at their laws, their literature, and their arts."

"Pooh!" cried the Egyptian, "you had nothing but what you stole from us. You were ignorant barbarians, and so would have remained, if your wise men, as you call them, had not come to Egypt to learn their A B C."

"By your leave," said the Persian, "the natives of Irak being the most ancient people of the earth, must have been the parents of all human knowledge."

"Hi Yah!" quoth the Chinese, "every body knows my nation is the most ancient by at least forty thousand years, and that the foreign barbarians derived all their knowledge from them."

"Mashallah!" said the Turk, taking his pipe from his mouth,—"Mashallah! there is no religion but that of Mahomet, and no knowledge but that of the Koran. The Israelites are *tchoufouts*, the Christians are dogs, and there is no truth but among the followers of the Prophet."

"Peste!" cried the Frenchman,—"there is nobody knows the true art of living but the French."

"There is no nation whose music is not intolerable, but the Italian," said the Neapolitan.

"The Germans are all philosophers," quoth the native of Weimar.

"Yes, but England, old England," cried John Bull, "is the country for roast beef and freedom, nobody can deny that."



"I do," exclaimed the Yankee.—"The Americans are the only free people in the world."

"Mashallah! whence did you come?" asked the Turk.

"From the New World."

"I never heard of it before," said the Turk.

"Nor I," said the Persian.

"Nor I," said the Egyptian.

"Nor I," said the Chinese. "I don't believe there is any such place."

"Nor I," said the Turk.—"There is but one world, one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

"What a parcel of ignoramuses!" exclaimed the Yankee.

As it is impossible to settle the claims of nations by these loose generalities, the company proceeded to particulars, each bringing forward the greatest men and great achievements of his countrymen, in battle array, to support his pretensions to superiority.

"Was there ever so wise a man as Solomon, so great a poet as David, so brave a warrior as Joshua, who made the sun stand still, or such a prodigy of learning as Rabbi Ben Hammeskend, who wrote beyond the comprehension of all his readers?" asked the Israelite.

"Did the world ever produce such a hero as Napoleon, such a poet as Voltaire, such tragic writers as Corneille and Racine, such a comic one as Moliere, or such a dancer as Vestris?" cried the Frenchman.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What do you think of Wellington, Nelson, Shakspeare, Bacon, Locke, Newton, and all that sort of thing?"

"They can't hold a candle to Armenius, or Kant, or Gall, or Schiller, or Goethe?" said the German.

"Nor to Julius Cæsar, nor Scipio, nor Virgil, nor Cicero, nor a thousand others, who were all my countrymen, though they called themselves Romans," cried the Italian.

"Pshaw!" said the Yankee,—"all your heroes and philosophers put together, would not make one Franklin, or half a Washington!"

"Gentlemen," said the Greek, "you may boast as much as you will, but had it not been for Greek warriors, philosophers, poets, and sages, you would all have remained barbarians to this day. What think you of Homer, and Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Demosthenes, and Miltiades, and Themistocles, and ten thousand others, whose fame extends to the uttermost ends of the earth?"

"Who are these blockheads talking about?" asked the Egyptian, the Chinese, the Persian, and the Turk, of each other.

"Talking of!" cried the rest, with one voice,—"*Of the lights of the world, the children of immortality, THE HEIRS OF UNIVERSAL FAME!*"

"We never heard their names before, and therefore they must have been rather obscure persons," was the reply.

"But if you come to the Heirs of Universal Fame," cried the Persian,—"*What are all these to the great hero Rustand, and the great poet Ferdousi, who wrote a poetical history of Irak, in twenty thousand couplets?*"

"Did any body ever read it?" asked the Turk gravely.

"We never heard of either," answered all the rest.

"What ignorant wretches!" muttered the Persian.

"Hi Yah!" exclaimed the Chinese.—"*Hi Yah! Your elder brother Loo*

Choo, knocks head and worships.—What do you say to the great Moon of poetry, the light of the universe, Kwang Chung, lord of the Celestial Empire, and head of the world, who wrote three hundred volumes of poetry, in the interpretation of which three thousand learned pundits lost their senses? The whole universe is filled with his verses.”

“We never heard of him before,” cried they all.

“What a set of foreign barbarians!” said the Chinese.

“And what think you of our great prophet Mahomet?” asked the Turk. “Mashallah! his sword was invincible against the enemies of the faith, and his wisdom more invincible than his sword. All knowledge is contained in the Koran.”

“It may be, but we have never read it,” said they all, with the exception of the true believers.

“Dogs!” cried he, “may your beards be converted into shoe brushes, and your eyes become blind as your understandings!”

As is usual in these cases, contention succeeded argument, and abuse was answered by recrimination. Each being unable to establish his own claim to superiority, made himself amends by detracting from the claims of his opponents; and if all had been true which they said of each other, their heroes and great men would have been a parcel of miserable creatures, unworthy the gratitude, or even the remembrance of posterity.

“And this is Universal Fame!” exclaimed an old dervise, who sat smoking his pipe quietly in a corner, without taking part in the debate, “to be adored as a prophet in one quarter of the world, and abhorred as an impostor in the others;—to be a hero in one nation, an oppressor in the eyes of its neighbors;—to be held an oracle of wisdom on one side of a river, an apostle of error on the other;—to be venerated in one place as the champion of liberty, and stigmatized in another as a rebel and traitor;—and to be either unknown to, or hated and despised by more than one half of mankind.—This, this is UNIVERSAL FAME!”

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## SONG.

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THERE is a feeling in the heart concealed,  
 Sacred within its holiest shrine,  
 Which,—like the flower,—whose beauties are revealed  
 Only when genial summers shine,—  
 Its depth and hallowed power will not display,  
 Till warmed by genial love's enkindling ray.

There is a mystic tone, which meets the ear,  
 And thrills mysterious in the heart,  
 Which others may not heed, if they should hear,  
 Though purest joy to *one* it may impart,  
 Waking a chord harmonious, that will own  
 The magic touch of *one*, and *one alone*.

G. W. H.

## ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF EUROPE :— LYCANTHROPY.

AMERICA is new. She is a bright shining penny fresh from the mint, without a speck of that precious green *æruugo* which medallists so highly prize upon a head of Otho or Pescennius Niger. She has no antiquities. The want of them is a loss to her poets; but to the politician or man of business, the deficiency has not hitherto been found an evil. Whether, as our numbers increase, and their relations with each other, and with the foreigner, become more complicated, it will ever be so felt, time will reveal to our grandchildren. Meanwhile, there is nothing in which it is more apparent, that we were born to-day, and not last night, than in the paucity of our superstitions. That word is not here employed to denote the opinions or practices, which enter into the regular religious creed of any given sect. Many such do, no doubt, exist, which are sufficiently erroneous, to deserve this epithet. But what we allude to are vulgar or popular traditions, legends, and superstitions. It may be amusing to examine one of these, which has been of long and extensive prevalency in the antiquated societies of Europe.

The wolf is an animal well known on our continent. But he is only known in his natural shape and condition. In Europe, on the contrary, the inhabitants of those countries, in which he abounds, have been in the habit of supposing that the fiercest wolves are men, transformed by magic into that shape for the purpose of devouring their fellows, or, at least, their flocks and herds.

Herodotus mentions that such an idea exists in Scythia. "The Neuri," he says, "are very little better than conjurors. For the Scythæ, as well as the Greeks who are settled in Scythia, say of them, that every Neurian is turned into a wolf for some days in each year, after which days he returns to his former state." The belief of similar transformations found its way into the more refined nations of Greece and Italy. "That men are ever changed into wolves," says Pliny, "we must either confidently disbelieve, or make up our minds to believe all the things, which long experience has shown to be fabulous; but I will explain by what means that notion has become so inveterate, that a turnskin (*versipellis*) is become a common term of reproach. Evanthes, a Greek author of some estimation, reports upon the authority of Arcadian writers, that it is the custom in a tribe descended from a certain Anthus, to choose one man by lot out of each family, who is led to the shores of a lake in that country, where he takes off his clothes and hangs them upon an oak tree, swims across, betakes himself to the wilderness, and is transfigured into a wolf; and for the space of nine years he associates with a herd of others such as himself. But if during those nine years he abstains from devouring men, he may return to the lake, swim back again, recover his human shape, and become such as he was before, except being nine years older. Fabius goes further and says, that he resumes his former clothing. It is wonderful what lengths Grecian credulity will go! There is no lie however barefaced but has its witness; Agriopas, for instance, who wrote the book called *Olympionicæ*, relates, that Demænetus, the Parrhasian, at a sacrifice, which the Arcadians at

that time still celebrated to Jupiter Lycaeus with a human victim, tasted the entrails of a boy who had been immolated, and converted himself into a wolf. The same Demænetus, ten years afterwards, being restored to the human form, contended as a pugilistic Athlete, and returned victorious from Olympia." The transformations in the tribe of Anthus were known familiarly to Plautus, a Roman much more ancient than Pliny, for his *Amphitryon* exclaims as follows, "Ye gods! what distemper agitates my family? What strange things I beheld, on my return from abroad! Now I see it was all true, which I have heard in old tales, that the Anthican men in Arcadia were changed, and remained savage brutes, and were never recognized again, even by their own parents." Act. 4, sc. 3.

At the Banquet of Trimalchion (in Petronius Arbiter) Niceros gives the following minute account of the way in which these transformations were effected, in the Emperor Nero's days. "It happened that my master was gone to Capua to dispose of some second-hand goods. I took the opportunity, and persuaded our guest to walk with me to the fifth mile stone. He was a valiant soldier, and a sort of a grim water-drinking Pluto. About cock-crow, when the moon was shining as bright as mid-day, we came among the monuments. My friend began addressing himself to the stars, but I was rather in a mood to sing or count the stars; and when I turned to look at him, lo! he had already stripped himself and laid down his clothes near him. My heart was in my nostrils, and I stood like a dead man; but he sprinkled\* salt water round about his garments, and on the sudden became a wolf. Do not think I jest; I would not tell a lie for any man's estate. But to return to what I was saying, when he was become a wolf he began howling, and fled into the woods. At first, I hardly knew where I was; and afterwards, when I went to take up his clothes, they were turned into stone. Who died with fear, but me? Yet I drew my sword and when,—cutting the air right and left, till I reached the villa of my sweetheart,—I entered the court-yard, I almost breathed my last; the sweat ran down my throat, my eyes were dim, and I thought I should never recover myself. My Melissa wondered why I was out so late, and said to me, 'had you come sooner, you might at least have helped us, for a wolf has entered the farm and wounded all our cattle, but he had not the best of the joke, for all he escaped, since our slave ran a lance through his neck.' When I heard this, I could not doubt, and now as it was clear light, I ran home as fast as a robbed innkeeper; when I came to the place where the clothes had been turned to stone, I could find nothing, except blood, but when I got home, I found my friend, the soldier, in bed, bleeding at the neck like an ox, and the doctor dressing his wound. I then knew he was a turnskin; nor would I ever have broke bread with him again, no, not if you had killed me." The following verses from Dryden's translation of Virgil, are illustrative of the same extraordinary vagary of the human mind;—

These poisonous plants, for magic use designed,  
Noblest and best of all the baneful kind,  
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand,  
And culled the mischief of a bounteous land.  
Smeared with these powerful juices, on the plain  
He howls a wolf, among the hungry train.

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\* N. B. Circum-minxit vestimenta.



Olaus Magnus, the Swedish Archbishop of Upsala, in his great work on the Condition of the Northern Nations, enlarges upon the subject in the following words:—"Talking of wolves, I may do well to add that, *that* species of them, who are transformed from men, and which Pliny confidently says we should account false and fabulous, are to be found in great abundance, in the more northerly countries. In Prussia, Livonia, and Lithuania, although the people yearly suffer a very great loss of cattle by the rapacity of the wolves, they think but little of that, in comparison with the damage done to them by men converted into wolves. For every year, on the feast of the Nativity of Christ, a great multitude of wolves converted out of men, the inhabitants of various places, assemble by night, in some stated place, which they have agreed upon among themselves; and afterwards upon that same night, they rage so fiercely both against men and all domestic animals, that the people suffer more detriment from them than from true and natural wolves. For it is ascertained that they will attack the houses of men who live in the woodlands, and try to break open the doors, in order to devour both man and beast. They enter the beer cellars, and will drink up several barrels of beer and honey-mead, and then they pile up the empty barrels one on top of the other in the middle of the cellar, *in which particular they differ from natural and genuine wolves*. The place in which those wolves happen to sleep on that night, is accounted prophetic by the people of the country; for if any one of them suffer any mishap on that spot, such as the overturn of a carriage, or tumbling into the snow, they are fully persuaded that he will die in that year, having experienced the truth of it during a long course of time. There is an old wall, somewhere in Lithuania, Samogitan or Courland, the remains of a ruined castle, to which many thousands of men, turned into wolves, are in the habit of resorting every year at a stated season, to try one another's agility in jumping; and those who cannot jump over the wall, as often happens to the fat ones, are flogged with whips by the prefects of the assembly. Lastly, it is confidently asserted, that the magnates and first noblemen of the country are members of that community—and, in my next chapter, I will explain how they usually arrive at such a point of madness, and at so very terrible a metamorphose, which, after they have once undergone it, they cannot neglect at the stated period..... Whenever any person, either a German, or a native, being desirous of innovations contrary to the divine law, wishes to become a member of that accursed college, who (when it seems good to them) are turned into wolves,—so that, at certain seasons of the year, and at appointed places he and his servants should, throughout his whole life, give them the rendezvous, and work mischief, and even death, to other men and to cattle—they use this most unnatural method of transformation. It immediately follows upon drinking a cup of beer, prepared by one who is skilled in such veneficious arts, and who, at the same time uses certain words; provided always that he who drinks it, is a party consenting. From that time forth, he has only to retire into some cellar or dark wood, whenever he is so disposed, and entirely transmute his human shape into the likeness of a wolf. And he can alternately lay it aside, or resume it, as he pleases. To come to examples—A certain nobleman was travelling through a long wood, and with him certain rustic servants, acquainted (as many are in those parts) with this sort of magic. The evening was closing in, there was no lodging

at hand, and they were forced to spend the night in the wood, and were moreover hard pressed by hunger. At last one of them proposed to the others, to remain quiet, and, whatever they might see, to make no disturbance, for that he saw a flock of sheep at a distance, and would very shortly procure one for them to roast, so that they might not be quite supperless. And with that he ran into the thick of the wood, that he might not be seen, and transfigured himself into a wolf. Then he rushed impetuously into the flock, and seized a sheep, and carried it off into the wood; and presently he brought it up to the carriage, being in the form of a wolf; his companions who were privy to his theft, took it from him and hid it in the carriage; and he went back into the thicket and reassumed the human shape. It also happened not many years ago, in Livonia, that a dispute arose between a nobleman's wife and her slave, (for they have more slaves there than in any other region of Christendom,) whether or not men could be turned into wolves. At last he said that, if he were permitted, he would presently show a proof of the fact. He went into the cellar by himself, and shortly came out in the form of a wolf. But as he fled towards the wood, the dogs pursued him and, though he defended himself fiercely, tore out one of his eyes; and the next day he returned to his mistress with one eye. Also it is perfectly certain, that, if a wolf transmuted from a man suffer mutilation of any of his members, he will, as soon as he resumes the figure of a man, be wanting of that member. But if he be killed by dogs or huntsmen, he will never make his appearance as a man again. And it is a fact recorded within recent memory, that the Duke of Prussia, having little faith in such magic, ordered a man, who was proficient in it, into strict confinement, in order that he should turn himself into a wolf, which accordingly he did; but the Duke afterwards burnt him alive, that such idolatry might not go unpunished. For divine as well as human laws severely punish such crimes."—So much saith the Archbishop of Upsala. A similar anecdote of a Grand Duke of Muscovy, is mentioned by Boissard in his book on magic. A man was taken up upon a charge of being a were-wolf, and brought before the prince, who asked him if it were true he could transform himself, and he said it was true enough. "Come then," said the prince, "and let me see that metamorphose." The man went away with his jailors to a sequestered spot, and performed the mysteries which the devil had taught him, and suddenly he became a wolf, with glaring eyes and horrid bristles on his back, but the chains with which he was previously bound, were still on him. Meanwhile, the Grand Duke had sent for two fierce and strong mastiffs, which he set upon the lupine monster, and they tore him to pieces, before he could recover his natural shape. Doctor Hakewill, in his *Apology of the Power and Providence of God*, quotes from Pomponius Sabinus upon Ovid, a story, which "he tells us of his own knowledge," viz. "that the like are here to be found among the Borussians, of whom one was lately taken and brought by the boors of the country before the Duke of Prussia, whose cattle he was supposed to have devoured. He was indeed a deformed man, and not much unlike a wild beast, having wounds in his face; which he was said to have received from the teeth of dogs, during his change. This fellow being by some examined, (whom the prince deputed to that business,) affirmed that he was twice in the year so changed, namely about Christmas, and again about midsummer. Whereupon, being kept close prisoner in the

castle, and narrowly observed, it was by trial found, that notwithstanding his own confession, he still retained the same shape, atque is fuit exitus fabulæ, says my author." Ogilby, in his notes upon Virgil, says, "Tutheim's reports of Bacarnus, King of Bulgaria, that he could, when he pleased, transform himself into a wolf, or any other beast. There is a like story to the same effect, of one Stuppater, a German."

When Gervas of Tilbury flourished, (which was in the reign of Henry the II. and Richard I., kings of England,) the extirpation of British wolves was very far from being complete, so that strong vestiges of this superstition were then still remaining in that island. "We have frequently seen (he says) men in England transformed into wolves, for the space of a lunar month, and such people are called Gerulphs by the French, and were-wolves by the English." When Camden wrote his *Britannia*, he does not seem to have known of any such superstition prevailing in England. But, in his notice of Tipperary, a province in Ireland, he says they have a "report of men turned every year into wolves," but adds, that he counts it fabulous. John Brompton, the author of an Old Chronicle, pretends that a certain abbot in the district of Ossory, had obtained from heaven, a decree that two persons of that district (a married couple) should every seven years be compelled to leave the country in the shape of wolves, but, at the end of those years, they might, if yet living, return to their home and native shape, and two other persons were condemned in their place to the like penalty for other seven years.

Two Frenchmen or Burgundians, by name Pierre Burgot and Michael Verdun, were convicted in the Archbishopric of Besançon, of having travestied themselves into wolves, by means of an ointment the devil gave them, and of having attacked both men and herds; they were publicly burnt to death in the year 1521. They made confession of their guilt. In like manner the Parliament of Dole, in France, on the 18th of January, 1574, condemned one Giles Garnier to be burnt, for renouncing God, and swearing never to serve any but the devil, and turning himself into a wolf. It was observed that persons of the name of Garnier or Grenier, were usually addicted to these practices. Ce nom (says a French author) est comme fatal. Besides those proceedings, there were condemnations for the same crime at Constance, under the Emperor Sigismund, at Orleans, in 1583, and in the Parliament of Rennes, in 1598, and at Grenoble, in 1603. Blois was remarkable above all other parts of France, for its *loup-garoux*, as these men turned into wolves are called in French. And it is a remarkable observation, that its Latin name *Blisium Castrum*, means in Gaulish, City of Wolves, from *blis*, a wolf. It was supposed that these people, had a deadly enmity to witches; in illustration of which, De Lancre relates the following anecdote.—A certain lycanthrope was convicted of tearing a horse to pieces, upon such clear evidence, that he could not deny the fact, but excused himself by saying that the accident happened as he was endeavoring to kill a witch, who had taken refuge under the horse's belly, in the shape of a butterfly. John Grenier, a young offender, only thirteen years old, and the only wolfish man who was ever pardoned in France, frankly avowed that he delighted in eating children, and especially girls. He declared that he had taken to the woods in obedience to the orders of Monsieur de la Forêt, a black man of gigantic stature, whose breath was cold. When asked what he had done with his wolf's skin and pot of ointment,



he said they were chez Monsieur de la Forêt, who sent them to him when ever he wanted them. The poor boy even maintained that Monsieur de la Forêt had been twice to visit him at the Convent of Franciscans, where he was detained. Gilles Garnier, of Dole, was also in the same story, and said, that he always considered Monsieur de la Forêt as his master. That personage is supposed to be the same tall black man, who was sometimes called, *Le Grand Veneur*, and who crossed the path of the Count de Soissons out a hunting, in the forest of Fontainbleau, in 1559.

Nobody can doubt or dispute that people of this description used to commit the most atrocious butcheries. When Peter Stump, who died very penitent, near Cologne, in 1589, confessed himself guilty of the magical self-transformation, we may be inclined to think the culprit as fanatical, as his judges were credulous. But when he confessed to having killed thirteen children, two women, and a man, we cannot call in question a fact of so great notoriety as the violent death of sixteen persons in one district or neighborhood. The madness in question was called *lycanthropia*, and described under that name by most of the ancient Greek physicians, especially Cribasius and Aetius. The latter says, that such patients leave their homes by night in the month of February, haunts places of sepulture, and imitate wolves in all things.

The libraries of Europe would probably furnish a much greater number of curious anecdotes and illustrations, but the above may suffice to excite, and partly to satisfy curiosity. It is evident, upon the whole face of the matter, that there is less in it than the superstition of the 16th century supposed, and more in it than we, in our present state of society, can clearly comprehend.

Herodotus describes these things as having been believed or practised in the interior parts of Asia, called *Scythia* or *Tartary*, the same from which the tribes of warriors and huntsmen, commonly called *Indians*, found their way to this continent. It would therefore be desirable, if any one, conversant with their opinions and habits, would make it known to us, whether any, and what, similar ideas are to be found among those savage communities. Any such communication would be gladly inserted.

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### SONNET.—ITALY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILICAJA.

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WHEN the last footsteps of departing day  
 Fade from the mountains, and night's shadows fall,  
 In the thick robe of darkness veiling all,  
 I joy to think the late extinguished ray  
 Lightens some other land; nor to the sway  
 Of midnight leaves the world. But, Italy!  
 Eternal night has quenched at once in thee  
 The light of hope and valor—passed away  
 Thy cherished glory—and the deepening gloom  
 The torch of war illumines with lurid beam,  
 To guide thee to destruction. Is thy doom  
 Discredited? Ah, vain delusive dream!  
 Yet if endurance save thee from the tomb,  
 Suffer! to thee such loss a victory well may seem.

E. F. E.



Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Arts, and Literature. By GULIAN C. VERPLANCK. 8vo. pp. 257. New York. J. & J. Harper, 1833.

WE cannot conceive of a more substantial benefactor to society at large, than is presented by the man who incites by his precepts and encourages by his example, the community by which he is surrounded, to the cultivation of the history of their country, and the adornment of that country by continual acquisitions in the fine arts. And this, not on account of any extrinsic value of such works of art, not on account of the pedantic display which such knowledge may produce, but from far more valuable considerations. The trite, familiar, but always apposite remark, that "history is philosophy teaching by example" should not by any nation be forgotten; more especially should it be kept in vivid remembrance by one which achieved its liberties and its independence, against exorbitant power and all but moral impossibility. The noble assertors of political independence and natural equality, so successfully vindicated the former by their arms, and settled the latter by their jurisprudence, that we should be doing not only injustice to their memories, but to our own interests, if we should permit either their names or their acts to fade in the individual recollections, or the taste for their contemplation to lose any of that raciness of flavor which we at present rejoice to find them possess.

It is no unfrequent remark, among the indolent and the ignorant objectors to this species of study, that in America it is limited in its operation by the brevity of its details, naturally ensuing from the newness of the settlement, and the recent era of its independence. Nothing can be more absurd than such a remark, on every ground. For in the first place, in order to see the beauty of our own historical picture, it is necessary to go into the review of that of other nations.

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

says Pope, and this can only be effected by examining him under every variety of circumstances, place, and condition. Human nature we admit is the same under all circumstances; and mankind will generally at all times of the world have the tendency to act in the same manner under the same impulses;—allowance being made for the differences of education;—but what that mode of action *is* we can only gather from viewing mankind in various parts of the earth, under various governments and at various periods of time. It is *then* only that we begin to compare, review, and reflect, it is then that the actions of the dead are lessons to the living;—it is then that by the comparison of causes with effects,—the consideration of motives to action, with their consequences both to contemporaries and succeeding generations, that we gain those important lessons of experience which history is so admirably calculated to present.

On the other hand, though as a nation we are but the people of yesterday, and cannot present a chain of historical events extending through many centuries, yet what we want in antiquity we can amply supply in interest. It is true, we cannot go back with our history into those dim obscurities wherein the fable is so mingled with the fact, that we know not which to believe, and where both are so distorted by time and tradition that we should be glad not to believe either. It is true, we are not able to grace

our early annals with accounts of mighty robbers and conquerors roaming over the fair face of creation, and dealing death and destruction over millions of simple hearts, in order to gratify an inordinate ambition for conquest and love of rule. It is true, we cannot boast our country to have been founded by demigods, nor have we heroes going about fighting with "*chimeras dire*," but we have annals of more recent date, of which contemporary accounts satisfy us of the truth, and which show us that our forefathers left the homes of *their* ancestors, to enjoy the worship of their God in freedom of conscience; we have progenitors of so short a time back, that we know their exploits to be *no fable*, who shed their best blood, not for the conquest and enslavement of a peaceful unoffending people, not for the lust of dominion, not for the aggrandizement of a few, at the expense of many, but to acquire for themselves, and to transmit to their children, the rights conferred by God and nature, and having so acquired them, were contented to enjoy them, without molesting the rights of others.

We have history enough to inform us, that our warriors, after they had achieved their glorious triumphs over their enemies, could obtain one yet greater,—the conquest of themselves, and instead of becoming demagogues, who after all are but tyrants over the minds of their followers, became fellow citizens, and legislators for the public weal. And how did they legislate? They cast from them the mire and filth, the follies and the absurdities of bygone institutions. They allowed experience to work her way, and instead of following the beaten track, only because it *was* the beaten track, they struck out for themselves a code of laws, having historical example for its basis, and "has the greatest good of the greatest number" for its object.

But that we may not take entirely on trust the excellencies of those who have laid the foundations of our laws, and that we may be enabled to mature our judgment, so as to be qualified to propose judicious improvements and expedient alterations, from time to time, according to existing circumstances, the page of history should be frequently turned, and its lessons deeply engraved. Of all the nations of mankind, *we* are the people who should most attentively study this important branch of education. The civilized world, in the other hemisphere, are ancient nations; placed in close proximity to each other, their manners in a manner amalgamate, their interests frequently unite, and almost as frequently clash;—the experience of past ages, and the improvements of education, have taught them that a species of perpetual and mutual protection, together with an equally perpetual and mutual check, is judicious and even necessary for the safety and harmony of the whole, and under the well known term of the "*balance of power*," a corrective is continually administered to that evil, which is incipient not only to the most moderate, but even to the weakest of the European governments,—the love of conquest, the desire of increased dominion.

Hence it is we find, that powers in Europe, which in their ordinary state, have national prejudices against each other,—which are frequently in the way of each other's projects,—which in fact are like snarling dogs, ever ready to show their teeth, and the more paltry the bone of contention, the more eagerly they battle for it—let but another step in, whether under pretence of being a moderator in the dispute, or for the purpose of making certain advantages out of it,—and all the rest of the states in that hemisphere, will immediately be set in close divan to consider the scope and tendency of pending operations, and to calculate how far one nation may possibly be crippled,

how far another aggrandized by the measure:—how far, in short, the “*balance of power*” may be affected, and what step may possibly be given to any one, in a favorable situation, for proceeding *towards* universal empire.

These things are with them matters of every day discussion; they operate on their manners, their politics, their commerce, and even upon their religion; hence, their ideas are always at home; their arms,—as we may term their arguments,—are always ready at hand, and that which in the *most remote degree* touches upon the finest point of European policy, is discovered and held to view before it is in any condition for action. All this, it is manifest, is the result of *history*:—the experience of the past, is the guide of the future. The acts of their forefathers, the motives that impelled them, the effects which they produced, are before their eyes. Europe is a great amphitheatre, in which certain individuals act with millions of spectators to view them; and this, not as an uninterested audience, amused with the unravelling of an intrigue, and pleased with the development of a plot, but seeing in all that passes, their own interests deeply involved, and competent and willing to change the course of the performance according to the manner in which they find themselves actuated.

We, on the contrary, are very differently situated. We stand aloof from the numberless little particularities by which the bodies-politic of the eastern world are affected. We feel ourselves placed in another hemisphere, the sole nation within it to which the term *civilized* can fairly be attached, we are, therefore, as it were isolated from the rest of the world, as regards jarring and feud for disputed points of dominion; having nothing to do with the law of hereditary succession, and not being even remotely connected with the thousand royal princes, of domains equal to the county of Westchester, we are not likely to become engaged in squabbles as to whether we are in the forty-seventh or forty-eighth degree removed from the succession to one of those said splendid dominions, and consequently whether we are qualified to match in the greatest and most powerful of the European states, *by right divine*. But we are equally with them bound to study their history, and that of the nations of old. It is true that our institutions are our own, that our code of civil and moral polity is our own, and that we have unscrupulously rejected, from adoption, every thing that appeared to militate against the national principle which is the pride of our country; but it is necessary to keep in remembrance that we are the descendants of the European nations, that our forefathers imbibed their knowledge and their experience from thence; and that the foundations of what we receive, no less than what we reject, are to be found in the institutions, or are to be deduced from the experience of the older nations; and it must also be considered that as ours is a nation already highly eminent throughout the world for its commercial relations, and daily adding to them both in importance and number, it is important, that we be acquainted with the peculiarities, as well as the general history of those with which we either are or wish to be connected, to the end that our proceedings, whether national or individual, may be conducted with propriety, wisdom, and right feeling.

But if general history be a study advantageous to us, how much more so must be that of our own country. The contemplation of the stupendous struggle with one of the most powerful of nations, in order to extricate ourselves—a few colonists—from the trammels and oppressions of a kingdom possessing incalculable resources, to establish a federal union which should



give us mutual strength both within and without; the contemplation of the privations to which our patriot fathers subjected themselves,—the load of debt which they were obliged to incur, in carrying on that arduous contest,—with the consideration that they surmounted these difficulties, and that the debt, immense as it was, is already paid; the contemplation of the frugality of the public expenditure, yet of the general respect paid by all foreign nations to our public functionaries; the contemplation of the characters of *individuals* in the glorious scheme, on the success of which we now so justly exult, and in the benefits of which we all so equally participate,—all these are matter of *domestic* history, on which the heart loves to dwell, on which the mind will improve, and on which the principles will fix. On this part of the subject Mr. Verplanck has been peculiarly happy, he says,

“But the habit of looking to our own annals for examples of life, and of rendering due honor to the illustrious dead, the rich fruits of whose labors we are now enjoying, has a moral, and I think, a nobler aim. In paying the tribute of admiration to genius, and of gratitude to virtue, we ourselves become wiser and better. Instead of leaving our love of country to rest upon the cold preference of reason, that slowest and most feeble of all motives of action, we thus call up the patriotism of the heart in aid of that of the head. Our love of country is exalted and purified by being mingled with the feelings of gratitude, and reverence of virtue; and our reverence of virtue is warmed and animated, and brought home to our hearts, by its union with the pride and the love of our country.”

This quotation recalls us to the consideration of the work from which it is extracted, and which forms the title of the present paper. The book comprises a number of speeches, made by the author, at anniversaries and other assemblies, upon occasions calling forth the warmth of the patriot, and the friend of learning and the arts. The objects of all these speeches are of a stimulative nature, being either incitements to the important study on which we have already expatiated, perhaps too much,—to the cultivation of the fine arts, on which we would also say a few words before we close,—or to the admiration and imitation of distinguished characters now lost, except as to their deeds, to survivors, and given in the form of eulogy, on those characters. On all and each of these accounts, the book has powerful claims on the attention of the public, independent of those which may be considered due to him, as an excellent scholar in the abstract, and a valuable member of the state, whilst acting in the legislature.

In the first discourse, spoken before the New York Historical Society. Mr. Verplanck, with great pains and research, has brought to view the various persons connected with the first colonization of America, and has exhibited the acts of those persons, for the benefit of those parts in which they had settled or interested themselves. He proceeds forward to those, who, after the settlement of the various colonies, had visited or attached themselves to particular parts, and recounts the acts of munificence of various founders of colleges, donors of important privileges and advantages, the rise and progress of learning in the colonies, and brings us by imperceptible degrees to the eventful period, when it became necessary for us, as a high spirited and a much wronged people, to assert the independence which was our birthright, and which had been too long and in too shameful a manner withheld.

When Mr. Verplanck arrives at the period of our assistance from the



French alliance, he takes the opportunity of paying some honor to the memory of Louis XVI., and this he does, by introducing an extract from a state paper, which it will be proper to transcribe again, here. Speaking of that monarch, the paper goes on thus:—"The conduct of our good and great ally towards us, has so fully manifested his sincerity and kindness, as to excite on our parts, corresponding sentiments of confidence and affection. Observing the interests of his kingdom to be connected with those of America, and the combination of both clearly to coincide with the beneficial designs of the Author of nature, who unquestionably intended men to partake of certain rights, and portions of happiness; his majesty perceived the attainment of these views to be founded on the single proposition of a separation between America and great Britain. The resentment and confusion of your enemies,\* will point out to you the ideas you should entertain of the magnanimity and consummate wisdom of his most Christian majesty on this occasion. *They* perceive, that selecting this grand and just idea from all those specious ones that might have confused or misled inferior judgment and virtue; and, satisfied with the advantage that must result from that event alone, he has cemented the harmony between himself and these states, not only by establishing a reciprocity of benefits, but by eradicating every cause of jealousy or suspicion. They also perceive, with similar emotions, that the moderation of our ally, in not desiring an acquisition of dominion on this continent, or an exclusion of other nations from a share of its commercial advantages, has given no alarm to those nations, but has, in fact, interested them in the accomplishment of his generous undertaking."

Thus far the address of congress in 1779, and to this Mr. Verplanck himself adds "nor is there any thing in the after-life of Louis to induce republicans to revoke these praises."

Now highly as we admire the talents of Mr. Verplanck, and greatly as we respect his principles, we must take leave to differ from him "*toto cœlo*" as regards the above extract, and the brief comment which follows it. Of the kind disposition of Louis XVI., there can be no manner of doubt:—of his sincerity, *in the abstract*, perhaps we may also be satisfied, for it follows almost naturally from the admission of his "kindness," but as for sincerity *in practice* we must really put in a positive dissentient. The whole political life of that monarch presents a series of vacillation, a profusion of promises and professions, which it was the study either of himself or of the court in which he *presided* to evade. This we admit was not the effects of a plan of studied duplicity, it was sheer weakness of mind. In politics he was like a straw adrift upon a stream, which was floated in any direction at the pleasure of the wind and tide. Perhaps he might be a judicious theorist, but he never effectually brought a judicious theory to practice. For all the purposes of society, he was *an insincere monarch*, but when he became a prisoner he was a *sincere man*;—and a *martyr* when martyrdom would not save his cause. And again,—what says the state paper? That he observed the combination of the interests of the two nations "clearly to coincide with the beneficent designs of the Author of nature, who unquestionably intended men to partake of certain rights and portions of happiness,"—so then the King of France could consistently fight for "certain rights and privileges" in America, and *against* them at home! And what are these rights, and portions of happiness? They are unde-

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\* This paper was addressed to the several states.

fined, therefore they cannot be denied. "Certain portions of happiness, and certain rights" *have* been at all times enjoyed by all nations; if the state paper had defined them, mankind could have better judged whether the political conduct of Louis accorded to the definition. To talk at this time of day of the wisdom and discretion of that unfortunate and amiable but weak sovereign, would be absurdity, and to quote as doctrine anything which indicates as much, cannot be, we think, otherwise. Again, to talk of "our good and great ally," when it is notorious that our really "good and great,"—the illustrious Lafayette, came to join our cause, even in the teeth of court opinion,—that France wavered in her judgment, even after she inclined to us,—like the bat in the fable of the birds and the beasts,—until the surrender of Burgoyne,—it was the event of Saratoga that decided "our great and good ally," and not his patriotic feelings. In truth, and in brief, the paper from which the extract is made, though a politic one at the time, and serviceable perhaps both to flatter France and encourage our own patriots, will not do *now* as a sober opinion of the French court and its alliance. Lafayette, and his little constellation of friends, being ever considered a splendid exception from the remark.

We should have considered that Mr. Verplanck had hastily, and without much consideration, made the remark which followed, if we had not perceived subsequently that he attempted its vindication, but certainly we think, not successfully. With this exception, however, and a few remarks which savor of prejudices, and ought hardly to have place in a mind of so generally liberal a cast as that of the author, the discourse is a very fine one, and well calculated to stir up in the citizens of our states, that judicious taste for history, so well calculated to enlarge the public feeling, and to promote the public interest, by showing us that as we are of common origin in civilization, and deduce our institutions and experiences from a common root, so ought there to be a common feeling of liberality, and a common desire to be beneficial to others as well as to ourselves.

After a brief eulogy upon Lord Baltimore, the next address is upon the fine arts, and here it is but justice to say, that Mr. Verplanck leaves us at a loss which to admire most, his patriotism or his taste. The former incites him to urge with all the powers of his persuasive eloquence, the cultivation of those arts which refine the feelings, exalt the soul, and polish the manners. The latter enables him to point out those which are of most importance, and those in which we are at present most defective. It is delightful in this discourse to trace the hand of the connoisseur, and to perceive the eye which has long been conversant with works of taste and *vertu*; it is equally delightful to perceive how he makes his knowledge subservient to the best interests of society. It is indeed true, as he intimates,—we do not quote his very words,—that the rich cannot do better with the surplus of their wealth, than to lay it out in that which at once adorns their houses or estates, and gives encouragement to genius and art, for whilst they do this, they do something more. Works of genius, whether in sculpture, statuary, or painting, are generally taken from subjects that act upon the feelings or the principles. Can we see a portrait, a statue, or even a bust of WASHINGTON, without calling to mind all the virtuous and the magnanimous qualities of that distinguished patriot? Can we view even an ordinary daub of the surrender of Cornwallis, without feeling our hearts beat high with the reflection that, as the sword passed from the hand of the

British commander, so passed also the last link of our shackles from our limbs? Can we view a representation of the capture of the traitor Arnold, without the glow of virtuous indignation, and feel the horror of treachery as a powerful lesson to our own minds? Can we look upon the dying Hobart, as he is portrayed on living marble in our own city, without feeling a sentiment of holiness pervading our mind, and a tacit resolution springing up in our secret souls, to "go and do likewise?" A sea-fight, a storm, the portrait of a friend,—every thing, in short, in which the scientific hand has been exercised, whilst it gives increased elegance to the mansion, gives also increased purity to the heart.

Mr. Verplanck laments, in common with other men of discernment, the slow progress of taste in architecture which our country exhibits. This is undoubtedly true, and is much to be regretted; but when he would arrive at the cause of this backwardness, we suspect that his patriotism, or rather his tenderness for feelings which he cannot approve, leads him to repress, or at least to soften, his real opinion. It is true that the equality in the division of property in our country, is greater than is to be found anywhere else in the world, and that accordingly we have very few who are exorbitantly rich; that there is in every republic a spirit of economy, such as no monarchy ever exhibits, and a consequent simplicity in the habits and desires. But he subjoins, that in Greece and in Rome, both republics, as well as America, splendid and durable monuments of architecture were erected at no very late period of their history. The truth is, that from the notion of *economy* in matters of mere amusement, or of things which are merely gratifying to the taste, as the fine arts are too mistakenly and frequently deemed, our countrymen are too loth to *lay out*; instead of having the "cheapest and least durable materials" employed in our architecture, to give it a false glare of magnificence which must quickly yield to decay, and show a yet greater degree of barrenness, than if the attempt had never been made at all.

"Besides these faults," adds our author, speaking of the faults of overloading our architecture with a profusion of incongruous ornaments in these "cheap" materials, "most of our architects are very deficient in what may be termed the painting of their own art,—that power, too rare elsewhere as well as here, of giving expression to buildings, of making their appearance announce their uses, of assimilating the style of ornament to the objects to which they are applied, of filling the mind with those sensations most consonant to the uses, whether of amusement or learning, of legislation or of devotion, for which they were erected."—

"Our better sort of country seats, have often an air of too much pretension, for their materials and their scale, in size and expense. While we despise the humbler beauties and picturesque comforts of the cottage, we rarely attain to the splendor of the chateau or villa. In short, our countrymen have yet to learn, that *good taste and proportion, so valuable in their effects, cost nothing.*"

In order to give additional weight to his arguments on this subject, Mr. Verplanck judiciously points out, as he is able from experience to do, the difference between the sensations of a stranger visiting the United States, and those of one of our own citizens, visiting a city of the old world. "When a foreigner," says he, "first lands upon our shores,"—"finding here, as he does, much to admire, much surpassing his warmest expectation, the first



among several sources of his disappointment arises from the general taste and character of our public edifices."—"Every thought of freedom, and glory, and patriotism, recalls to his mind some recollection of the exquisite works of republican antiquity. He looks around him, and, it need not be added,—with disappointment."

Speaking of the utilities as well as the beauties of the arts, but chiefly in reference to painting and architecture he says, "I well remember the vivid impressions produced upon my mind several years ago, when first I saw the University of Oxford. The quiet grandeur, and the pomp of literary ease which are there displayed, did not wholly disarm that dislike I could not help feeling towards an establishment, which, possessing so much learning and so much real talent, had for the last century, done so very little for the improvement of education, and had so long been the sanctuary of unworthy prejudices, and the solid barrier against liberal principles. But when I beheld her halls and her chapels, filled with the monuments, and statues, and pictures, of the illustrious men who had been educated in her several colleges; when I saw the walls covered with the portraits of those great scholars and eloquent divines, of the statesmen," &c. &c.—"I could not but confess that the young man who lived and studied in such a presence, must be dull and brutal indeed, if he was not sometimes aroused into aspirations after excellence, if the countenances of the great men, who looked down upon him, did not sometimes fill his soul with generous thoughts and high contemplations."

"And why," he adds, "should not we also have everywhere the same excitements to laudable exertion and honorable ambition?"—"We, too, have great men to honor, and talent enough to do honor to them. In our public places and squares, in our courts of justice, our legislative halls, and seminaries of education, the eye should everywhere meet with some memorial of departed worth, some tribute to public service or illustrious talent."

This whole address of Mr. Verplanck is replete with sound taste, and virtuous enthusiasm, and should be read by every lover of his country.

In another address he vindicates the utility of the schoolmaster in an eulogy on D. H. Barnes, and ably proves the value of the teacher to society. We pass it by, however, as not connected with our present purpose, as well as the "Columbia College Address," and that of the "law on literary property," and shall briefly add that the concluding discourse, delivered before the Mercantile Association of New York, is replete with useful information and admonition to the young men who form that society, as to the objects of their studies, the best means of gaining useful knowledge, and the most appropriate mode of applying it to practical and beneficial purposes.

Our limits warn us to take leave of this learned and judicious writer;—the prejudices which we lament to have perceived in him, are however, but as specks in the sun, and serve but as additional instances to prove that there is nothing perfect on this side the grave; but on his excellencies as here exhibited, we love to dwell, and should do so longer, if duty did not call us to other matter. Of one thing we are assured, and with this we will conclude;—that not only will his book be extensively read, but the taste will be improved, and the warmth of patriotism heightened, wheresoever it is perused.



## THE EXILE.

## CHAP. VI.

MERRILY, merrily goes the bark  
 On a breeze from the northward free,  
 So shoots through the morning sky the lark,  
 Or the swan through the summer sea,—  
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So brilliant was the landward view,  
 The ocean so serene;  
 Each puny wave in diamonds rolled  
 O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold  
 With azure strove, and green.  
 The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower  
 Glowed with the tints of evening's hour,  
 The beech was silver sheen.

*Lord of the Isles.*

THE morning was just breaking, when the cry of "land" was first heard below, and except Harlande not a passenger had as yet left his berth; he indeed, as a sportsman, and as a lover of nature, had from his early childhood been accustomed to rise even before the lark; and many a time had his elastic tread brushed the dew from his own heathclad hills, while the stars were yet glimmering in the cold sky, as he hurried with his favorite dogs to the wild haunts of the moorfowl. Nor had his wonted desire to taste the breath of morning, while it is yet untainted by the pollutions of human life and human sorrow, now deserted him, when his range was confined to the narrow limits of the deck.

They, who are sad in spirit, rarely or never love the pillow, after the earliest dawn has found them watchful. There is something in deep misery, which makes them ever seek for rapid motion rather than for rest, for thrilling excitement rather than for inaction, or ease. The occurrences of the day too frequently influence the imaginations of the night,—the thoughts of the waking mind are too intimately connected with its fantasies, when wrapt in what is so falsely termed the oblivion of sleep,—to suffer the wish for protracted slumbers to dwell in the bosom of the mourner. Who, that has ever felt grief, true, deep, heart-consuming grief, knows not that most wretched sensation of half obscured consciousness, which haunts even the visions of night, whispering that the fancied elysium, in which some dream has lapped the cradled soul, is but a fantastic and unreal shadow? No! The rich, the luxurious, and the happy may turn again upon their downy cushions, and seek a renewal of their repose; but the poor, the oppressed, and the miserable, when they have once started from perturbed and unrefreshing slumber, go forth at once into the sad realities of life, rather than endure the more terrible conceptions, the more bitter disappointments of their sleeping hours.

Painful as were the reflections of the banished youth by day, they were nevertheless easy and agreeable when compared with the thoughts that rendered his rest horrible;—after tossing his feverish limbs from side to side for a few endless hours, as they appeared to him, he would arise, while the skies were yet gray, and go forth to watch the glorious luminary coming up out of the east, and to mark his effect on all the myriads of living beings that cleave the ocean with viewless fins, or fan the air with unnumbered and unnoted pinions. He had been long abroad when that shout was heard; and before one of the eager crowds,—who hurried to the

deck, burning to catch the first glimpse of their native land,—had appeared,—he had climbed to the head of the giddy topmast, to look out—not in joy, but in deep anxiety—on that land, where he believed his lot was cast, till he should “shuffle off this mortal coil,” and till all countries should be as one, to the inanimate and senseless clod, which once boasted itself a man.

From the mast-head a long dark bank was visible, scarcely elevated above the tops of the ragged waves when first beheld, but gradually rising more and more distinct against the pale atmosphere, as the good ship close hauled on a stiff breeze breasted the waters with the ease and grace of some bird floating on its native element, till the highlands were clearly seen, even by the naked eye, stretching their continuous line across the near horizon. Winter had set in sharply, and the hills were covered with a deep coating of snow, but the general effect of the scene was nevertheless dark and monotonous, and by the aid of the glass—now in general requisition—it was easy to perceive that the dense forest of pine and brush, which is still spread over the coasts of America, veiled the snowy stratum from which it sprang, except where some occasional clearing of the adventurous settler, or some windrow, swept bare by the breath of the tempest, permitted the eye to penetrate into the bosom of the land. Ere long, a snowy sail was perceived in the distance bearing down upon them, and a moment afterwards a second. “They are the news boats racing for the first intelligence,”—said the captain—“now you will see, Mr. Harlande,—if you are not too patriotic to own it—such craft as swim not in the seas that gird your island, no! not in the service of your king.” And in truth they did come down gallantly, flying over the long swell more like living creatures, than mere machines of wood and iron, now showing the whole of their low and beautifully moulded hulls as they topped the waves, and now buried almost to the tops of their taunt and raking masts, as they plunged into the trough of the sea. It seemed but a moment, from their first appearance till they hove to, and sent their hardy mariners aboard for the latest news. “I confess the truth of your words,”—cried Harlande—though not much of a seaman, I have been something of a *yachter* in my day,—readily will I admit that not the proudest peer in the club can show such a model as that boat, even if he were to buy her at her weight in gold!—If they are as good on a trial, as they are beautiful in appearance, no boats in the world can match them,”—“No boats in the world *can* match them sir,”—was the answer,—“whether on a wind, or before it!—In the lightest air they will beat the fastest frigate in our navy, and in the heaviest gale, when ably handled, will ride like a duck on a mill pond!”—He had scarcely done speaking, ere the news collectors had performed the object of their visit, were again aboard, had trimmed their sails, and were already under way. It was a glorious sight, to watch them, cutting their way through the heavy sea that was running, their sharp bows almost buried in the spray, which drove over them at every plunge; now stooping to the stiff gale, and now rising again with their white canvas glittering like silver, in the rays of the morning sun. The packet, on which Harlande stood, was noted for her speed;—her best sailing was on a wind;—nor had the young man been a month on board, without knowing her qualities almost as well as the veteran seaman, who commanded, and loved her almost as if

she were his chosen bride. What then was his astonishment to see the little schooners shoot from her, like greyhounds from the slip, going at least two points nearer the wind, and leaving her

"As darts the dolphin from the shark,  
Or the deer before the hounds."

Scarcely a cable's length apart, and having left the ship at the same instant, they strove to the utmost to weather each other, leaping as it were from sea to sea,—like mettled horses struggling to the goal,—*neither* gaining any perceptible advantage, till they had sunk into the distance whence they had risen, and whither they had returned like meteors. Hundreds of races had Lindley witnessed, in the narrow channel, and beneath the sheltering heights of lovely Ryde, or woodgirt Cowes:—races between vessels built for the noblest and wealthiest of his land,—manned by crews selected from the ablest seamen, and manœuvered with the nicest skill, yet never had he seen, for the far-famed Cup, so closely contested a trial as this between the two boats, which worked by a few men and boys, were flying to announce the approach, and convey the tidings of the tardier though rapid ship.

The land now rose before and around them; the narrow strip of glittering sand, the stunted trees, the occasional buildings, with their map-like spots of cultivation reclaimed from the barren wilderness, no longer showed like glittering patches on the dark and indistinct horizon, but assumed their natural and definite proportions. It was such a morning as is rarely seen in the denser climate, whence Harlande had so lately departed. From east to west there was not the vestige of a cloud to be seen, he discovered not even a speck of vapour hovering above the land; the whole vault of heaven was as pure and as transparent, as though it had been carved from a vast *aqua-marine*, the sun riding in a blaze of glory, which no eye could brook, on its eastern verge, and casting a flood of light even to the zenith; while the ocean below reflected his broad disk in a long and ragged line, broken into ten thousand fantastic shapes, by the wild vagaries of its billows—the heavy roll of the surf,—so awful to the ears of the mariner when heard beneath the sullen fall of night, with the dread accompaniments of a howling tempest and lee shore,—now came on the fresh breath of morning, like a harbinger of pleasure, and hope; hundreds of gulls were on the wing, now fanning the very crests of the breaking waves, now soaring till their forms were lost in liquid distance, and again swooping, from their pitch with fatal aim, and the lightning's speed, upon their scaly prey. Nor was the the lofty ship as heretofore, alone on the bosom of the deep; many a sail varied the animated scene, from the light coasters of those shores, to the vast and complicated fabrics that now traverse the Atlantic with nearly the same regularity, as the sun performs his daily course. All on board was merriment and joyful anticipation; even those uncongenial souls, who, during the voyage, had shunned all intercourse, beyond a passing civility with their fellows, now opened their hearts and lips, to tell of their anxiety to meet friends, children, parents, wives,—all those ties which bind the heart to the beloved home with tenfold attractions; to be absent from whom renders all happiness incomplete, and to be restored to whose longing arms makes all past toils forgotten, and all future cares unheeded. Nor, in this general burst of feeling, was the young and friendless stranger overlooked; many who had already formed habits of intimacy

with him, expressed their earnest wish, "that those habits might not be suffered to decline into formality, now that the accidental circumstances which had induced them were about to pass away;"—many more who had no thought beyond the impulse of the moment, and who cared not whether they should ever again behold his face, hoped—"that Mr. Harlande would find his way to the house in Bond-street, or the office in Pearl-street,—always glad to see a fellow passenger." Each invitation duly acknowledged, and the full force of each clearly discriminated, Lindley appeared to partake in the exhilaration of those about him, for well did he know that his real feelings would not be comprehended, and that to suffer the grief,—which was gnawing at his heart,—to appear in his countenance, would be but to draw upon himself observation, and perhaps dislike; so apt are men to consider those who do not weep with the mourner, and rejoice with him that rejoiceth, in the light of enemies,—without for a moment considering the causes, which may have saddened the spirit of one, while it has brought balm to the afflictions of the many.

The broad banner of the States, with its stars and stripes, was fluttering proudly from its haulyards at the gaff, while the private signal streamed from the main, wooing the observation of the telegraph, and probably already known on change, in the distant city.—Harlande was standing alone on the quarter-deck, with his eye intently watching, as it seemed, the glancing folds of that "star spangled" flag, though in truth his mind was far away,—when, one of the companions of his voyage, a gentleman already far advanced in years,—whose deep-lined brow told the history of many a hardship undergone, while the firm curve of his expressive mouth, no less plainly told that they had been combated by a high and manly spirit,—touched his elbow—"Even our ship puts on holyday this morning, Mr. Harlande,"—he said pointing with a kindly smile to the gay bunting—"but, if I am as good a judge as I have thought myself, of the mind of man, there is no holyday in your heart!—Come, come"—he proceeded with increased warmth, as he perceived, by the quivering lip of his auditor, that he had struck the true chord—"my young friend—if you will permit me so to call you—this must not be!—suffer not your spirit to sink before imaginary evils—life has enough of real misery."—"You know not to whom you speak, sir"—replied Lindley, in a deep suppressed voice—"you know not what are the sorrows to which you allude!—But you mean kindly to me, and I thank you,—how you have read my thoughts, I know not,—but do you call it an imaginary evil, that there"—pointing to the land—"in that vast, and free, and happy world, to which we are hastening,—I alone shall be solitary and unfriended,—all, but I, are hurrying to the homes of their relations, to their own bright and happy hearths, to their own native land, with all the calls of interest, ambition, and glory, to incite them to exertion; and all the sweet influences of friendship, affection, and love, to sooth in affliction;—while I, to whom you speak, am torn by hard necessity from all that is most dear to me; am about to be cast away, as it were, on a shore, desert to me alone of all its inhabitants,—homeless, hopeless, and friendless?"—It was the first time, he had unburdened his sorrows to a human ear, and now—he knew not wherefore—he felt irresistibly impelled to open the secrets of his heart to the kind old man, who listened with benevolent sympathy to the eloquent sorrows of the stranger. "Not friendless, Mr. Har-



lande, do not say friendless!—I am not one to tender my esteem on light grounds, nor do I wish to pry into aught, which prudence, no less than nature, may incline you to veil,—but I have seen enough of you, sir, in our past sojourn,—and I have not observed you lightly, nor am I often deceived in my opinions,—to make me wish to see yet more!—I do not ask you, “to make my house your home,” for I know that your spirit would disdain a favor from one, with whom you are so slightly acquainted,—but I do beg you, as a personal kindness to an old man, to let me see you very often—I will call on you at your hotel to-morrow, and then we will endeavor to know each other better,—Stop, Mr. Harlande,”—he continued, as he perceived that he was about to reply—“Give me no confidence now!—your feelings are moved by unexpected attention from a stranger, and your judgment is controlled by your passions; I will hear nothing till to-morrow!—But now, if you want an example by which to cheer your desponding spirits, look before you! Look at America!—Time was—when her vast territories, her endless rivers, and her noble seas, were subject to the dominion of a foreign land. The mother country, proved a *step mother*! The daughter, for a period lay in the very dust, an oppressed, and a miserable colony!—The hour came, and she arose from her degradation,—and behold her now

“As a fair vestal throned in the West.”

Compare her former lowliness, with her present sublimity; think of the difficulties apparently insurmountable, the dangers, the miseries, through which she struggled to fame, and liberty, and power!—But I shall tire you with my sermon, and see we have taken the pilot, and are already passing the Hook; let us ascend the hurricane house and I will be your chaperon and introduce to the country which is to be for a time your *home*!

“There is the Sandy Hook light, and her beacons—there is the cove, the scene of Mr. Cooper’s *Water Witch*,—you have read it, I doubt not;—but you cannot see the Neck, which,—though so unknown in the days of Queen Anne;—is now crossed by many an honest trader, and many a smart sea boat, when the spring tide and heavy weather from the eastward have converted the peninsula into an island.—Now, sir, you see before you our boasted bay, which you may have heard compared to that of Naples, although in truth, there being no similarity, there can be no comparison.—Both are surpassingly beautiful, but their beauty is of an order as distinct as the delicate loveliness of a girl, from the manly charms of her lover,—or as the power of the oak, from the pliancy of the willow.”

“I have never seen Naples,”—was the reply—“but this is lovely—how sweet must be these wood-fringed shores, in spring, or in your many-colored American autumn—how beautiful they are even now, with their glittering icicles, and fringed branches.” The ship was flying past the swelling knolls of Staten Island, and was fast nearing the point, where the bold banks jut forward as if to meet the rival heights of Long Island, fortifying the inner bay with the natural bulwarks of liberty.—“You have some powerful batteries, and I doubt not heavy metal there,” said Lindley,—as they swept majestically between the dark fort, named after the noblest and the best among the foreign auxiliaries of freedom, the good and gallant Lafayette, —and the lower works on the western side of the narrows—“But I am no believer in the strength of batteries—the mightiest safeguard of America, must be the vast space which divides her from all other nations, and the

unanimity of her freeborn sons.—What foreign power dare land an army on your territories, or what object could it picture to itself in such a step? Your millions must arise upon them to their disgrace, and annihilation! nor is it probable that any nation will ever again resort to a measure, which has been invariably unsuccessful, even when the states were in their infancy; but which now, when they are in the prime of undecayed manhood would be an act of self immolating insanity.—*Au reste*, should they attempt it, batteries will not stop them.—But Paris, and Brussels, and Brunswick, have shown the inutility of stone walls, and iron weapons, against the concentrated power, and unanimous will of the people!" —"I agree with you, sir, entirely;—but see, we have entered the inner bay, and the city is itself in view—is it not a fine *coup d'œil*." The Quarantine ground with its clustered dwellings, white cupolas, and noble hospitals lay on their left, glittering to the wintry sunshine,—a group of fishing boats and light schooners rocking at the pier, and a revenue cutter—with her tall raking masts and rigging, as taught as the chords of some stringed instrument, her polished decks, her ready armament, and the long light pennant streaming from her truck, at her moorings in the river; on the left Gawannis bay with its woodland hills, and before them the fortified islands with their bastions, waving poplars, and the broad flags fluttering over all; the vast city looming in the distance with its tall spires, and innumerable masts, its grovehill battery at the apex of the triangle, and the long range of wharfs flanking either of the glorious streams by which it is bounded; while on the one side—the heights of Brooklyn thronged with happy dwellings, and on the other—the almost insulated knoll of Jersey City, stand like rivals of the great metropolis.

"It is indeed a country of which an American may well be proud,—a country which might inspire the coward with valor, and the feeble with a giant's strength,—a country which deserves to be free!" The words burst from Harlande's lips,—as it were by inspiration,—as he gazed on that splendid scene, with its thousand accessories of life and animation;—its rapid steam-boats glancing across the channel of either river, its thousands of snowy sails crossing and recrossing in every direction; its heavy shipping, some moored at the wharfs, and others safely anchored in that noble natural harbor, wherein all the fleets of the united world might float in security, were they fifty times more numerous than they are; its lighter crafts, ascending or descending the broad Hudson, which could be seen for miles in the clear frosty light, winding by Hoboken and the heights of Weehawk, till it was lost behind the stony barriers of the distant palisades. His heart, racked as it was by a thousand conflicting emotions, throbbed violently in his bosom, and for a time its ruling passion was pride!—High, noble, and disinterested pride.—Pride that such a country should, in some degree, owe its magnificence to his own England; speaking the same language, sprung from the same stock, peopled by a race possessing, in a remarkable degree, the same characteristic qualities, the burning patriotism, the love of freedom, the stubborn valor, and the humane enterprise, which he had admired in America, and adored in England. His enthusiasm visibly communicated itself to his companions, and perhaps the excitement which displayed itself in his whole air, did more to endear him to the natives of that land, in which he was about to become a sojourner for years, than the more sterling merits, which had been manifested to all, during weeks of that familiarity

which on ship-board is as unavoidable as it is delightful. To this feeling however, as to all others of intense gratification, there was ere long a chilling reaction.—Sail after sail was furled, till under her maintop-sail and jib she came to her moorings in the East River, and a throng of anxious friends rolled in upon her decks, to greet all *but him*. Then it was, that the recollection of his distant home, the mother, the sister, from whose arms he had been so abruptly torn, rushed upon his sickening spirit. Every trifling incident of that parting scene was present to his mind, as clearly as the sights that were passing before his eyes; every word, to which he had lent his wounded soul, was ringing in his ear to the exclusion of every nearer sound. And, worse than all, every slight offence, every hasty remark, every unkind thought, by which he might for an instant have wounded those beloved ones, whom he never again expected to behold, rose up in judgment and condemnation against him! Oh, how passing bitter, is that consciousness of wrong which we have done, and for which we can never, *never* atone!—How doubly do the coals of fire, which we have heaped in very wantonness upon the heads of those, whom even at that very time we loved beyond our own lives,—how do they return to blight us with the memory of that forgiveness, which we sought not when we had the power, and which, now that we possess the will, we may forever seek *in vain*. Few indeed were the faults of such a nature which could be justly charged against the generous disposition of Lindley, but it is ever the part of this morbid self-condemnation to exaggerate; and though, in truth, unconscious of all real wrong, it was with a humbled spirit, and a heart filled even to bursting with penitential sorrow, that he collected a portion of his baggage, and set his foot, for the first time, on the soil of America.

W.

## IMITATIONS OF

FILICAJA'S SONNETS ON ITALY.

## SONNET I.

ITALIA—Oh, Italia! to whom fate  
 Has given the boon of beauty,—on thy brow  
 The fatal guerdon of thy sorrows now  
 Is graved and borne,—but pity is too late!—  
 Oh! had kind Heaven but marked thee out for hate,—  
 Given fewer charms,—or strength to meet the blow!  
 Then less admired—or more terrific, thou  
 Hadst found repose in thy more humble state!—  
 Then from the stormy Alps thou hadst not seen  
 Arm'd hordes descend,—nor had the blood-stained wave  
 Of thine own Po,—by foes of haughty mien  
 Crimson'd with slaughter,—been thy childrens' grave,—  
 Nor foreign swords had thy protection been!—  
 Conquering or conquered—thou of each the slave!

## SONNET II.

WHERE is thy might, Italia?—Of thy foes  
 Whom dost thou serve? The open hostile steel,  
 And treacherous friendship thou alike must feel—  
 Each is thy foe,—and each his victim knows  
 In thee enslaved.—If in thy bosom glows  
 One spark of ancient fire,—Oh! canst thou kneel,  
 And calmly hug thy servitude,—and heal  
 The wounds of honor? *This* thy conflict's close?  
 Thus dost thou pay the debt of loyalty?  
 And thus redeem thy faith? Go then—dream on—  
 Forget thy pristine glory! Let it be  
 A vision of the past! Sleep midst the groan  
 Of falling empires, till the sword on thee  
 Shall light, and even thy soulless life is gone.

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## SONNET III.

THY days have been like summer,—but they pass  
 Like summer suns away,—nor canst thou see  
 The horrors destiny prepares for thee;—  
 As the false Nile that, smooth as burnished glass,  
 Its source unseen, conceals the strength it has,  
 Till the pent billow bursts upon the lea,—  
 Thus, sweeping, whelming all with misery,  
 Thy swift advancing waves shall come at last.—  
 Thus—like the tempest by thick darkness led,  
 That rides the winds and swells the blackening wave,—  
 The storm will burst on thy devoted head!—  
 Trust not to aid, that treacherous fancy gave,  
 Nor hope to hold a part,—thy fall is sped  
 If thou divide;—and all thou darest not save!

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## SONNET IV.

DISCORD is death, unhappy land, for thee!—  
 Nor is it still the least of all thy woes,  
 That thy frail strength forbids thee to oppose,  
 While yet that strength may tempt thine enemy  
 To deeds of violence!—Thou wilt not yield!  
 Thou canst not struggle!—Like the hapless bird,  
 Whose trembling pinions by the bleak winds stirred,  
 Are helplessly suspended in the field  
 Of middle air;—so thou,—a mockery  
 To every passing tempest,—rudely tossed  
 By bitter blasts,—canst only breathe a sigh  
 For glory rifled, and for bright hopes crossed!  
 Knowing that fear and hope alike defy  
 Thy feebleness,—for thou in both art lost.— E. F. E.



## MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, SCIENCES, THE DRAMA, &c.

**AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.**—We have experienced much gratification in our visits to the Barclay-street Academy. It is an institution in every way worthy of our city, and is, we believe, destined to be the germ, from whence great things may hereafter be expected. Possessing rooms calculated in size, coloring, and light for the best possible display of paintings; possessing a small but well selected collection of casts from the best antiques; and possessing the great advantage afforded by a president, no less admirable as an artist, than respectable as a man; it holds—as it necessarily must do—the highest place among the liberal institutions of our land. The exhibition of 1833 is decidedly superior to that of the preceding year, and we shall hereafter have much pleasure in testifying to the improvement of some favorites of ours, who are making rapid steps to excellence, and who will, we venture to predict, ere many years have elapsed, stand deservedly high in their profession. Before entering into the merits of particular pictures, we have a few words to say regarding this, and the rival exhibition; and in truth it is deeply to be regretted, that it should be destined to our times, and to our city, to afford an illustration to the Roman satirist's,

"Genus irritabile vatum,"

proving that the professors of the pen, are in no wise superior to their brothers of the brush, in the susceptibility of their natures. Without entering into the merits of the case, we shall simply state that we consider it highly injurious to the advancement of the arts, that there should be a division among those, who ought to be most united, leading to animosity and bitterness of spirit, and venting itself in critiques equally unjust and illiberal. Taking no share in the disputes of these touchy geniuses, we propose to consider the merits of each picture in detail, commencing with the elder, and ending with the younger sister.

No. 1. Full length portrait of Benjamin West. The venerable president is represented, as delivering his last lecture to the Royal Academy, on the theory of Light and Color. In illustration of the subject, the cartoon of the "Death of Ananias"—from Raphael, is placed on the easel. Painted for the American Academy of Fine Arts

by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.

To say anything in praise of this well known and splendid picture would be in us superfluous, and impertinent. One

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thing we would point out to many of our artists,—the gravity and harmony to be observed in the coloring, of what some have deemed, though we think undeservedly, the masterpiece of the greatest portrait painter since the days of Sir Joshua. We have frequently observed, in passing round the apartment, the gaiety and flashiness of tints, displayed in the back grounds of many otherwise well executed pictures, and would suggest to the authors that they destroy the effect of their labors, and produce a glaring and gaudy appearance, equally inconsistent with truth or nature.

No. 2. St. John the Baptist—lent by D. Coit, Esq.

A clever old picture, though by no means a *chef d'œuvre*, we shall have occasion hereafter to notice several paintings of far greater worth, owned by the same gentleman.

No. 3. Americus Vesputius. } Copied  
No. 4. Christopher Columbus. } from  
pictures by Parmegiano, in the Royal Gallery at Naples. Lent by H. W. McCracken, Esq.

Curious as portraits, and probably authentic ones, of illustrious men, but otherwise unimportant.

No. 5. Landscape and Cattle—a good copy from P. Potter or A. Vandevelde, we are inclined to think the former.—J. W. Hope.

No. 6. Landscape.—Willis.

A very well painted, and well imagined sketch of English scenery; you can almost walk in and out among the stems of the old trees. This young man promises to do well, and we hope will meet the encouragement he merits.

No. 7. Portrait of an Officer of U. S. Engineer corps.—Waldo and Jewett.

The figure and head are good—the back ground out of keeping, and the color of the curtain neither rich nor light.

No. 8. Gipsy Mother.—By a lady amateur.

A clever sketch—we hope the lady will persevere.

No. 9. Portrait of a child.—Hillyer.

No. 10. Flower Piece.—Baptiste.

No. 11. Landscape, the Stag Hunt.—From Messrs. Nunn's & Co.—*L'Allemande*.

A very good and natural picture of the Flemish school.

No. 12. Fish Wagon.—Lent by J. Glover, Esq.

A tolerably good copy from *Wouvermans*.

No. 13. Portraits of Children.—*Shegog*.  
Slight and sketchy but very clever,—a close imitation from Lawrence.

No. 14. Landscape in water colors.—*Haverell*.

No. 15. Ichabod Crane. With a long quotation from the Sketch Book.—*B. Thorp*.

A bad picture, but, we are told, the work of a boy; it is much to be regretted, that we cannot be content to learn before we attempt to shine; the young gentleman in question may succeed some ten or twelve years hence, but he must learn—first—drawing and perspective—then *chiaro scuro*—then coloring—and then if he is patient, and fortunate, he may do something.

No. 16. Still Life and Animals.—Lent by Messrs. Nunn's & Co.

No. 17. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*J. Frothingham*.

May be good as a portrait—but as a picture is not of much importance.

No. 18. View on the Mohawk.—*J. V. Dixey*.

Hangs very high up—but appears to be possessed of some merit, although too uniformly brown.—Nature has no such tints as these, spread equally over land, sky, wood, and water.

No. 19. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*F. R. Spencer*.

All the paintings of this artist are hard and cold, in outline and coloring; though we understand that as likenesses they receive much commendation.

No. 20. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*Waldo and Jewett*.

Very like, and moreover a very harmonious picture.

No. 21. Landscape; the Valley of Wyoming.—Lent by Mr. Clover.—*J. C. Ward*.

\*Whose lofty verdure overlooked the lawn,  
And waters to their resting place serene,  
Came freshening and reflecting all the scene:

A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves,  
So sweet a spot of earth, you might, I ween,

Have guessed some congregation of young elves,

To sport by summer moons, had framed it for themselves.

*Gertrude of Wyoming*, Part II. Canto I.

A lovely, cool, natural, and refreshing picture.—We can hardly find a fault with it,—if any, the remote distance is a little too blue—but this is a trifle, not to be thought of, in such a work as the one before us:—and indeed we have many a time beheld effects in the marvellous beauties of nature, which would have been pronounced absurdly *unnatural* on canvas. This is decidedly the gem of the Academy, and we have the more pleasure in speaking of its merits, for two reasons!—Firstly—because the works of the same gentleman, exhibited last year, were in some degree impaired by an indistinctness, or *woolliness* of the distance, which has entirely vanished from those of the present year! Secondly—be-

cause we have met with a critique on this beautiful production of American art, dictated we fear rather by the jealous envy of a rival Painter, than by the impartial spirit of an unbiased observer.—The Valley of Wyoming deserves a place in any collection either on this, or the other side of the Atlantic—and Mr. Ward, if he continue to improve as he has done hitherto, bids fair to rank among the first artists of either hemisphere.

No. 22. Landscape, with a Girl and Dog.—*T. C. Ward*.

A pretty little scrap—showing much of the same taste which predominates in the last number. The figures are not however equal to the scenery.

No. 23. A Calm.—*T. Birch*.

Rather hard in the outline, and deficient in the breadth of shadows and richness of color in the foreground, but a pleasing and well executed piece.

No. 24. Landscape, after Wilson.—*Richardson*.

Why does not Mr. Richardson paint from his own sketch book, rather than copy Wilson?—He has considerable ease of touch, and not a little force; but his coloring is false and exaggerated.

No. 25. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*G. W. Twibill*.

No. 26. Portrait of a Lady.—*F. R. Spencer*.

Very gaudily and ill colored—the flesh is cold, the curtain glaring, and the effect of the whole patchy.—It is singular how few even of the best painters avoid this fault in their representations of females; even that giant Lawrence was not wholly free from it.

No. 27. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*Hill-ger*.

No. 28. Landscape, Catskill Falls.—*T. C. Ward*.

A lovely picture.—If there be any fault, it is the brilliant light in the sky, which interferes with the principal gleam upon the pitch of the falls. Mr. Ward should pay a little more attention to his animals—no details, however small, are beneath the notice of an artist; and the wolf at the edge of the basin is by no means so good as it might be.

No. 29. Portraits.—*Titian*.

Certainly *not Titian*, nor good, except the child's figure, which has merit.

No. 30. The Money Diggers.—Scarcely had he uttered the words when a sound from above caught his ear. He cast up his eyes and lo! by the expiring light of the fire, he beheld just over the disk of the rock, what appeared to be the grim visage of the drowned buccaneer, grinning hideously down upon him, &c. &c. *Vide Tales of a Traveller*.—*T. Quidor*.

Here again we have much pleasure in noticing a very palpable improvement, since we last met with this promising young artist.—Last year we had a Bold Dragoon of his, also from the works of Washington Irving; which, though raw and somewhat deficient in drawing, nevertheless gave us

reason to hope for good fruits from the budding sapling. We rejoice to find our prognostics verified—the *money diggers* is many degrees superior to the earlier attempt, and comes very near to being a good picture. The negro, scrambling out of the hole, is extremely well done; the light is ably managed, and the general effect is got up so skilfully as to give us the most pleasing anticipations for the future: we do not however like the red capped buccaneer,—his visage is rather grotesque than hideous!

No. 31. Landscape.—*R. Hoyle.*

Altogether too pale, and the foreground so light as to destroy the perspective.

No. 32. Miniature of a Gentleman.—*J. W. Badger.*

No. 32. Miniature of a Lady.—*J. W. Badger.*

Both rather deficient in character and originality of style.

No. 34. Miniature of a Gentleman.—*A. L. De Rose.*

Somewhat better than the above, but not approaching to excellence.

No. 35. Miniature of a Gentleman.—*A. Robertson.*

A very clever painting—this is the true style of a miniature, and worthy the imitation of all who pursue this difficult line of portraiture.

No. 36. Miniature of a Gentleman.—*Miss Ann Hall.*

Very nearly being a good painting. Miss Hall should persevere, and observe the method of composition used by such artists as Robertson, and success will attend her.

No. 37. Frame containing Miniature Specimens.—*T. W. Sturgeon.*

Prettily finished—but the resemblance of the centre piece (a copy from Sir T. Lawrence's celebrated likeness of Miss Croker) is not sufficiently strong to the original, to justify very sanguine expectations of correct representations.

No. 38. Narcissus.—Lent by Mr. Brett. Flesh too red.

No. 39. Miniature of a Lady.—*Miss Ann Hall.*

Better than No. 36, which we noticed above.

No. 40. Portraits, Lady and Children.—*G. Cooke.*

A bad Picture—decidedly bad in drawing, coloring, and anatomy,—the bigger child's head is as big as the mother's; and the little one's leg is joined—Lord knows how—to the body; and yet Mr. Cooke can draw well, aye and paint well too, at times!—To wit, No. 86—an Italian Monk preaching to Banditti, of which more anon.

No. 41. Susannah and the Elders.—*Col. Trumbull.*

Col. Trumbull is decidedly the best anatomist of American artists; his style is too well known both here and in England, where his works have commanded a large price, to need any notice of ours. But we would recommend to all, who would *paint well*, to learn first to *draw well*; whether

from the human model, or from casts of the antique. We assure them that their time and labor will not be lost, to whatever school they may direct their views. Half the portraits in the room are deformed by faulty proportions; and the hands—in particular—in many cases, are as like lobster's claws, as human members!

No. 42. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*F. R. Spencer.*

Possessing the same merits and the same defects with all his other works.

No. 43. Italian Landscape—Anon.—Lent by H. W. M'Cracken, Esq.

Too blue: and too blue in places where it should not be blue at all. If the critique to which we alluded, concerning the Valley of Wyoming, had related to this landscape, it would have been just!

No. 44. Cattle Piece.—*Rosa di Tivoli.*

Very clever, and bearing strong marks of being an original.—The peep of landscape under the bull's head is very sweet, and the goats are *nature*.

No. 45. Landscape.—Lent by Mr. J. Parker.—*R. W. Weir.*

Is not equal to the high repute of the artist, but we believe it to be a juvenile production.

No. 46. Landscape and Figures (after Morland.)—Lent by Mr. Torbos.

Composition very good—as all Morland's must be—but the coloring cold, and not well done.

No. 47. Sea Beach, with a fresh breeze.—*T. Birch.*

A very clever sea piece indeed—though hardly a fresh breeze. The craft and shipping very good, except the two row boats in front, which are rather *wooden*; but the sea and sky excellent, and the *tout ensemble* very pleasing, and better than the calm mentioned before.

No. 48. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*F. R. Spencer.*

No. 49. Portrait of a Gentleman.—do.

No. 50. Study from Life.—*Miss Jane Stuart.*

A clever study—the brow is too perpendicular, and the crown of the head too flat; in other respects it is a pretty model enough—the draperies perhaps a little too wild in their flow, but well conceived.

*To be continued.*

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The eighth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open, and we take some shame to ourselves that we have not sooner noticed the many meritorious performances contained there. The multiplicity of engagements incidental to a young publication must plead our apology, especially when we avow that the purpose has only been procrastinated,---not neglected.

The exhibition room of this respectable collection presents a *coup d'œil* at the very entrance, and it requires a little vacant staring before the attention can address itself to the serious purpose of examination, which latter however well repays the trou-



ble. There are in this small gallery---small as compared with the academical exhibitions of Europe---many chefs d'œuvres of which the European galleries would be proud; the pictures by the president for instance, those by Cole, Richardson, Mount, Durand, Inman, Twibill, and some others are, with trifling exceptions, calculated to do honor to the arts under any circumstances, and evince a classic and cultivated taste which gives fair promise of distinguished eminence in this department of the fine arts. With great beauties there are also combined qualities of a more ambiguous nature; that is to say, qualities which may enhance or depreciate the value of the performance, according to the degree in which they are used; for instance, the style of the coloring,---and the mode of filling up;---when these particulars are of a peculiar description in the artist, and are strongly and uniformly discoverable, they come under the objectionable term *mannerism*.

From this fault few artists in any part of the world are totally exempt; indeed when the genius is original, and the powers of the imagination genuine, they will naturally develop themselves in an uniform manner, but this is the very thing to be guarded against; the peculiarity is rather a beauty than a fault; it is the redundancy of it, or the slavish adherence to it, that is the deteriorating quality; and by it the artist of fire and genius reduces himself towards the level of the mere dauber who having only one set of rules for every performance, makes his pictures only the broken parts of one panorama. But let us examine them somewhat more in detail.

The opening little picture, No. 1, by Thompson, is calculated to give a good impression of the gallery, just as an ingenuous countenance is a good letter of introduction. It is good both in conception and coloring, and the clouds of "leadene hue" which help to throw the back ground into obscurity are very well conceived. There is another picture, No. 16, by the same hand, of which we cannot speak so favorably. He seems to have had an eye to that mode of coloring adopted by the president in Nos. 2 and 3, but the skies and atmospheric effect in Italy and Switzerland, present different appearances from those of New York Bay, and that which is the effect of warmth and repose in the former case, is but half shading in the other. Indeed we must even object to the president's *chiaroscuro* in these two pictures, notwithstanding the artificial means used there for bringing them out.

No. 30, by Moore, is a very fine conception. It is "the Brigand alarmed." The expression of the wife, with the tint of light on the outline of her figure as she reaches the verge of the cave have a fine effect, and the attitude of the bandit, with his *trombone* ready for use or defence is well conceived. The accessories in the back ground are just; and the only defect in the picture---a small fault---is the

stiffness of the lower drapery of the female.

No. 33. The Calabrian *Pifferari*, by the same hand, is a good little picture, and expressive of customs at the shrine of a saint, but it does not contain anything of a striking nature; the drawing and the coloring are both in good taste. No. 3. Is a portrait, by Durand; soft, mellow, and expressive, it has the elasticity and animation of life, and is a highly finished performance.

There are several good pictures by the Mounts, and among the best we would choose No. 13. Dead fish hanging against a wooden partition, by S. A. Mount. This picture is not only well done, but carefully; the graining of the boards, and the soiled effects of the fish hanging against them are marks of care and consistency, highly necessary to those who would "copy nature."

No. 75. A full length portrait of Bishop Onderdonk, by W. S. Mount, is a good picture, but we object to the likeness. If taken recently it is too young, and not sufficiently "filled up" for the bishop. We accord as to its general features, and admire the dignified position and appropriate finish of the drapery, but certainly the artist has done for him, what all who know him will be glad of,---restored him two or three by-gone years.

No. 18. A view of the Cascatella of Tivoli, with the Campagna di Roma in the distance. This is by Cole. It is a most excellent picture, the perspective most admirably carried out into the confusion and haze of distance. The landscape elaborately filled in, and presenting a splendid view of the rich, sunny, fertile plains of Italy. The point of sight being an elevation, pours upon the eye a splendid profusion of objects, and the mind seems lost in the magnificent extent of the scene. So far well; but we regret to see that in all the works of this charming artist, his hand is perceptible the moment the eye glances upon his performances. It abounds more with the *mannerism* we have attempted to describe, than is consistent with the justice he owes himself, or with the pleasure he owes to those who view his pictures. No. 76, a landscape composition, by the same artist, and No. 97, the Fountain of Egeria, evince strongly the mannerism on which we feel obliged to touch. The former of these two besides the peculiar elaboration of filling up, has too many accessorial subjects in it. The canvas is too crowded. In this matter Mr. Cole reminds us of two very distinguished artists in England, who yet fatigued the public taste in the same way,---Glover and Prout,---and it is no disparagement to any of the three to be thus named together. Mr. Cole has nevertheless shown us, that he is capable of higher and better things, in No. 104, Christ and the Woman of Samaria, which is of highly classic conception. The mild dignity of the Savior, the admiration in the expressive countenance of the finely round-



ed woman, the figures in the back ground, on the Samaritan Road, its gateway, the hills, buildings, all in good keeping, and present a grand coup d'œil, which is neither too confused nor too stiff. It is an excellent painting.

No. 40. A full length portrait of J. H. Payne, by Twibill, is as capital a specimen of miniature portrait as is to be found in the whole collection. The attitude, the coloring, the smile, the whole expression reminds us most strongly of the distinguished individual himself, and cannot fail of being considered a valuable painting.

No. 61. Portrait of a Gentleman, by Pin-gret, we are induced to notice, next to the above, as we consider it to be next in estimation, in this line of portrait painting. There is an ease in the position, as well as an air of verisimilitude in the countenance, that even to an absolute stranger will give assurance of a likeness,—added to which, the piece is carefully *finished*, a point of care, which, in small pictures especially, should never be neglected.

No. 31. Metamora. We should do wrong, notwithstanding the excursive form of our remarks, if we were longer to delay the examination of this picture, by Agate. It is the most prominent in the room, both in size and singularity; and at this particular juncture, when the public attention has been called towards the Indian Chiefs, who lately visited our city, the Metamora has naturally drawn a considerable attraction. The figure is well drawn, well colored, possesses great majesty, has all the attributes of strength and command,—but we cannot help thinking, that the Indian character of countenance is wanting. The face, with the exception of the complexion, is decidedly European. Were it not for this, we should have no hesitation in calling it an excellent representation of an Indian Chief by a masterly hand.

No. 26. The Plague of Thunder and Lightning, by Miller. We are under the painful necessity of expressing a very qualified approbation upon this picture and another (No. 35) by the same hand. The grouping we admit to be excellent;—the dismay of the various bodies of Egyptians at the terrible display of Almighty power; the upturned heads of some, and the hidden faces of others, according to the emotion which might be presumed to actuate them,—the hasty prostration of the multitude at the feet of their colossal deity,—the horseman struck by lightning, on the left of the foreground, are all well conceived;—the architecture is also in good keeping with the scene;—but there is a dimness throughout, that does not harmonize with the subject; it is not even relieved by the “fire running upon the ground,” nor even by the lightning flash itself. The only piece of physical effect is the dim glare of fire breaking out in the back ground. The figure of Moses is too melo-dramatic, and rather represents the talismanic effects of an enchanter, than the minister of an offended Deity.

No. 35. Earthquake,—the destruction of Sodom, by the same artist. Mr. Miller has here evidently miscalculated his strength. He has given us yawning gulphs, and falling towers, but he has assuredly not considered the laws of gravitation in the way he has caused some of the masses to fall; he has given us despairing figures, who cling to—nothing, or who climb to—nowhere; but in the midst of his chaos the moral sublime is wanting; his “fire from the Lord out of heaven,” fails of effect, as entirely as the lightning in No. 26, and this picture like the last is dim in its coloring. It is but fair, however, to observe, that there are in both considerable marks of genius and of original conception, which may hereafter break out with true grandeur and deserved eminence.

No. 88. Dryburgh Abbey, the burial place of Sir Walter Scott, by Richardson, is a beautiful *morceau*; the artist has managed to make the abbey itself prominent, without being too obtrusive on the canvas, by placing it near the centre, and in good relief, and has been altogether very happy in catching the true Scottish atmosphere; the scenery itself is not of that bold, grand description, which characterizes the Western Highlands, but what it wants in grandeur it makes up in beauty, and recent events have hallowed it in all sensible hearts.

No. 96. View from Froster Hill, Gloucestershire, England, by the same artist, is still more beautiful than the foregoing;—the two are intended as companions. Nothing can surpass the extent and richness of this scene, which the artist has executed in the most chaste and skilful manner,—no gaudy tints, but delicate grays are the chief colors, and there is a soft haziness that is very impressive to the imagination. The two are in truth, the finest pieces of landscape in the whole exhibition.

No. 60. Landscape, by Weir. Whilst on the subject of landscapes we should be doing injustice both to the distinguished Artist who painted this piece, and to our own judgment, if we were to postpone it. Mr. Weir has long had a just celebrity in works of this kind, and upon the present occasion he well vindicates the character he has obtained; it is faithful to nature, delicate and chaste, and must needs still further increase his reputation.

No. 83. Boonton Falls, New-Jersey, by Durand. This is an exquisite piece of nature; it is in the highest degree fresh and vivid: the foliage has obtained a particularly careful finish, and the white volume of water falls in such a manner that we would almost pronounce it cooling and refreshing to the eye. The Professors in this Academy by-the-way, appear to have studied landscape with great success; the best paintings in the exhibition, with one or two exceptions, are of this nature.

No. 127. Marine View, by Birch. We have now to turn to another department of art: one on which so many have worked their own fame more effectually than that of the vessel they have attempted to de-

scribe; one in fact on which too many are liable to seek for materials in their own fancy, instead of viewing them in sublime reality. But the latter we would suspect to have been the case with Mr. Birch. His brig in distress is so faithfully portrayed, that we could almost imagine him to have been one of those in the boat which he exhibits leaving the vessel for the shore. The brig herself is very fairly represented in a state of distress—part of her masts are gone, her maintopsail shivered into ribbons, and flying out of the bolt-rope, is highly picturesque; a boat "freighted" with distressed souls is laboring for the shore, and in the hazy back ground are rocks on which the surf beats high. The white caps on the tops of the waves in strong relief to the leaden or black sky which frowns above it, and the whole is a remarkably fine picture of a shipwreck.

Among the landscapes we omitted to name a very fine one, No. 145, by Miller, which is well filled in, and the foliage most elaborately and tastefully finished—the water in the back ground looks brilliant and clear, and the general effect very delightful.

We have but leisure to remark two or three Portraits at present, and must resume our examination in the next number; we cannot, however, pass

№ No. 110. Portrait of a Lady, by Ingham, which is chaste and spirited, we venture also to pronounce it a good likeness.

No. 133. Portrait of J. Audubon, Esq. Painter and Naturalist, by Inman:—In this portrait the artist has been so happy as to throw mind, decidedly, into the countenance of his eminent subject;—the upturned eyes, the loosened drapery of the neck, the mouth just opened, are all appropriate, and give us a lively idea not only of the face but of the contemplations of the philosopher and artist.

No. 206. Portrait of Chief Justice Marshall,—also by Inman. We have reserved this for the close of the present number, being desirous, in humble imitation of the Phoenix, of dying in a blaze. This portrait of the learned and amiable biographer of the great Washington is a chef d'œuvre. The venerable lawyer is seated in an easy chair, his hand resting on a book which is placed on his knee, his thin gray locks, and his attenuated but calm and contemplative visage are turned towards the spectator, his deep set eyes, under his bushy eyebrows, give tokens of intense thought, but there is an air of philanthropy and benevolence about him which rivets the attention. We regret that this beautiful picture should have been hung so high, as it is hurtful to look so long as the anxious wishes would impel us. The engraving in line by Durand, which graces the third number of the National Portrait Gallery of distinguished Americans, is from this painting, and its accuracy as compared with the original, entitles the latter artist to the thanks of the community, as well as to a high rank in the list of native artists.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIBLIOTHECA CLASSICA, by J. Lempriere, D. D., a new edition—enlarged, remodeled, and extensively improved, by CHARLES ANTHON, L. L. D.; Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages, Columbia College, New York—2 vol. 8vo. pp. 1635. G. & C. & H. Carvill.—This book, which has just been issued from the Press, reached us too late for more than a brief notice of its publication, and a hearty commendation of what appears to us the production of a literary Hercules, who has not only purified the Augean mire of classical history, but, with consummate skill and transcendent ability given to the youthful student and the man of learning those golden apples of literature which so many thousands find guarded by difficulties more formidable than was even the Dragon of Old. We mean the actual want of the sources of information, which a valuable private library has afforded to the learned Editor; but as it is our attention to treat at large of this work in the next number, and enter fully into its merits, we will only say that the author has, in our opinion, done more to elevate the standard of our literary character, in the eyes of Europe, than any other living writer; and we doubt not that the work in question, if not immediately reprinted, will have an extensive sale in the English market. There are two things connected with it which strike us at first sight as not being exactly to our mind, viz: the difficulty of making it answer as a School book, owing to the *two* volumes; and again, the retaining that almost exploded Chronological reckoning of 4004 years from the Creation to the coming of the Messiah.—Of these, however, *inter cetera*, more hereafter. We would wish to see the book not only in the hands of every man engaged in the education of youth, but also in the library of every one claiming the appellation of a scholar.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, with a Biography and his last Additions and Illustrations, 7 vols. 8vo. New York, Conner & Cooke, 1833.—Messrs. Conner & Cooke have completed one volume of this interesting work, the cheapest, we venture to say, and the best executed for the price, that ever appeared in the Union. Of the value of the work itself, it would be impertinent now to speak, the whole world has conspired to raise its character beyond injury from carping critics; it is admitted on all hands to be the most amusing, as well as *one* of the most instructive publications that ever found its way to the attention under the garb of fiction. The present editors are making their edition a desideratum. It will not only include all that the distinguished bard and wizard has published,—with his last corrections, alterations, and improvements,—but also a biographical account of the author, his correspondence, and every thing that relates to so eminent a man, which the power and means of the compilers can

bring together of an interesting nature. The work is stereotyped—in fact, nothing but a very extensive sale could repay the publishers, at their low prices—and it is a clean, clear, legible type;—the notes particularly are in a type unusually clear. We consider that Conner & Cooke have done good service to the community, in thus placing within the means of so large a portion, a work, which all should read who have the power. These hitherto voluminous writings are by admirable management thrown into *seven* octavo volumes (including the life and correspondence) without the elision of a single word from the improved text, and without being either cumbrous or difficult.

A PLAIN AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE EPIDEMIC CHOLERA, as it prevailed in the City of New York in the Summer of 1832, &c. &c. by David Meredith Reese, M. D. 8vo. pp. 110. New York; Connor & Cook, 1833.—In these days of terror when the fell monster Cholera is stalking over the world, crying “havock” wherever he appears, it becomes extremely necessary and prudent to give attention to every thing which professes to arrest its progress. Even from mistaken judgment there is always something to be elicited, which may form the foundation for further discovery. Under these considerations rather than from absolute confidence in the opinions of Dr. Reese, we recommend this Treatise to the public notice. He appears to have gone into a grave consideration of its nature and cause, and we confess, much to our own satisfaction; and his reflections on the use of alcohol, or rather of ardent spirits, are judicious, though we fear not effective. But as we dare not positively give our opinion on so important a subject, and on which learned Doctors differ, we will leave the *matter*, and proceed to the *manner* of the publication. And here we were about to express disapprobation on account of old associations, but a friend who looked over our shoulder reminded us, that the desire of Dr. Franklin, in typography, was here attempted. The long letters are very considerably shortened, not so much so, however, as to prevent them from being distinct, and it certainly gives the whole an air of compactness which is pleasing to the eye. But though we concede that part of the novelty, we cannot approve of the *italic* being put in a smaller type, in the middle of the other type—it looks broken and disjointed; however, it has the charm of novelty, and will therefore have its admirers. It is got up very neatly, and does great credit to the publishers.

THE BUCCANEER; a Tale by Mrs. S. C. Hall, author of Sketches of Irish Character, &c. in two vols. 8vo. Philadelphia.—This Romance came to us, so highly recommended from the other side of the Atlantic, that we took it up with the most sanguine anticipations, and we are happy to say that our expectations, in this in-

stance, have fallen far short of the excellence of the work. It is decidedly the best novel from the pen of any female writer, that has appeared for years; and is conceived in a spirit worthy of the great characters which are delineated. The plot is well worked up and the story well told. All readers will do well to judge for themselves.

#### THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—The theatrical season is drawing fast to a close. On the 19th inst. Mr. Barry took his *Farewell* benefit, upon which occasion he mustered all the strength of the stage in New York; among the most distinguished were Mr. and Miss Kemble, Placide, Barnes, Hilson, Sinclair, Jones, Reynoldson, Mrs. Barnes, Miss C. Fisher, and Mrs. Hilson. The principal piece was Katharine and Petruchio, which afforded an admirable display of the powers of the Kembles and Placide. It is an absolute feast to see the Petruchio sustained as it was by Mr. K., who to the determined, resolute character of the bridegroom, adds the nonchalance and ease of the gentleman. There is so little of stage *trick* in these two performers that we are deceived into the notion that they are for the time the very characters they represent, and we know not whether to admire the “conquering hero” or the tamed shrew, save that some portion of exultation mixes with our pleasure,—at the submission of the weaker vessel to the proper lords of the creation. Placide was an excellent Grumio, but we must protest against a piece of bad taste exhibited by that gentleman in the flogging scene at Petruchio’s house; it was “most foul and most unnatural” in the midst of the confusion, for Grumio to mount on his fellow-servant’s back and ride off the stage. This would hardly be tolerated among the lowest class of itinerants, and is highly insulting to the understanding of enlightened citizens. As if that were not enough, Grumio returns upon the stage, and like a victorious cock, he crows his notes of victory “cock-a-doodle-doo” in the hearing of his supposed irascible master. Surely Shakspeare’s advice ought not to be so soon forgotten by actors “and let those that play your clowns *do* no more than is set down for them.” The fact is, it is catering for the coarse vulgar taste of the galleries, and neither should a respectable actor lend himself to it, nor should a manager permit it. Placide was however *himself* in the first piece, “*The Secret*,” the whole of which little prelude was well performed. After the comedy there was a selection of songs, in which it was our misfortune again to hear a really good singer spoil her music. Mrs. Austen always sings below the pitch, and we know not how to attribute a cause to this very great fault, unless it be, *indolence*. We are aware that we tread upon dangerous ground in presuming to differ from so large a portion of



our fellow-citizens, but such being our genuine sentiments, they must of course be given faithfully to the world or reserved altogether. We are sure that Mrs. Austen can sing, and understands her music, and we therefore take it the worse that she will not charm, by the slight additional exertion of keeping up her voice, and by giving us the silver melody of a *sostenuto* occasionally, instead of the load of ornament and chromatic run, which surprises without satisfying. Jones sung most chastely, but chose unhappily. The music of *Storace* is always pleasing in the drawing-room, and sterling in itself, but is seldom sufficiently brilliant for the theatre or the concert room. Sinclair threw away his fine voice upon a ridiculous monotony, purporting to be a ballad, the subject being supplied from an incident in *Rogers' Italy*, and the burden of each verse being "O the misletoe bough!"—in fact, a travestie of a most beautiful anecdote. The company have a most valuable accession to their musical strength in Mr. Reynoldson, whose voice, a Baritone, is powerful and sonorous. His chief defect is in his enunciation, dwelling but for a short time on the vowels, and thereby losing much both of melody and truth. This we are assured he will remedy; he has all the other requisites of a good singer.

We cannot quit our Theatrical article without protesting in the strongest terms against the abuse of the character of Paul Pry, as played or rather as ridiculed by Mr. Hilson. That actor degrades the Paul Pry into a pitiful low-bred buffoon, vulgar, boisterous, cowardly, and mean.—Whereas the real Paul Pry is a gentleman *at all times*;—he is supposed to be a person of small independence, bred to no profession, and living in a country village. Having nothing of his own to engage his attention, he is a busy-body in the every day affairs of others, and knowing nothing of affairs of consequence, he has gradually come to magnify trifles into important matters;—but he never forgets his dignity, nor can we imagine a greater contrast, than the brutal vulgarity with which Hilson invests him, and the quiet comic gentility with which he is portrayed by Liston.—The dialogue also is essentially altered, we venture to assert that not twenty lines of the whole comedy, as played at the Park the other night, is to be found in the original manuscript. It is in fact cut and mangled so as to be hardly recognizable. We trust that the manager will find it his interest no less than his duty to rid the stage of distortions which disgrace it, and make it once more what it was originally intended, "a glass wherein the world might see itself." Let the actors "follow nature;"—it is a simple rule, and they will find it more to their own advantage, and to the public edification.

NEW YORK SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.  
—On Thursday the 27th, this society performed the Oratorio of the Creation, in

the society's hall, Chatham-street, before a numerous and highly respectable audience. It gives us pleasure to perceive the manner in which this society advances in the cultivation of harmony. One of the most sublime, and certainly the most difficult of overtures, was performed with a precision and care highly gratifying both to the hearers and the performers. The chorusses also were powerful and well sustained. The accompaniments however were in general too strong, and that besetting sin of orchestras in general was visible on the present occasion in a powerful degree. We mean the wind instruments were out of tune. Of the singers we would observe that Mr. Fehrman is a young man of great promise, his voice is not deeper than a Baritone, nor will it ever be. He has good taste, but needs power or volume; and his foreign pronunciation was a little against him. Of Mr. Jones it is unnecessary to say much, as he is always correct, pure, and melodious. We only wish he had more strength, but his songs were refreshing to the ear, and pleasing to the judgment; his singing is chaste, correct, and beautiful. Mrs. Austen gave proof of our assertion that she *can* sing delightfully when she pleases to make the exertion.—The beginning of "With verdure clad," was poor, but the latter half was delightful;—the air "On mighty wings" was extremely well sung by her, and half redeemed her from the censure we have expressed before. In truth we know what she *can* do if she pleases. Mr. Pearson possesses a great compass of voice, being able to sing a very deep bass, and go up considerably into the tenor; his singing is true, and he only wants cultivation and polish to make it very effective, at present there is a monotony of expression, a want of flexibility, which he must conquer.—Mrs. Franklin's voice, a mezzo soprano, is very pleasing, but not very strong. We suspect she is not quite familiar with the music of the Creation, as the leader's violin was very perceptible accompanying her recitative. It might however be timidity. Her tones are very pure, she sings in good tune, and altogether was a pleasing performer.

In conclusion we would remark one general fault in the orchestra, which they cannot too soon amend;—that of running before the singer. It is a well known rule in vocal and instrumental music, that the singer is allowed a certain degree of *ad libitum* for the purpose of giving grace and effect to particular passages. On these occasions it is the business of the *leader* to observe the singer, and of the orchestra to *follow the leader's motions*;—instead of which it required all and more than all of Mr. Hill's exertions to restrain the instrumental performers, from dragging the singers forward, even through a cadenza. On the whole, however, this society has acquitted itself in a highly respectable manner, and bids fair to execute sacred music well and effectively.